

PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS—WEDNESDAY—MARCH 26 1952

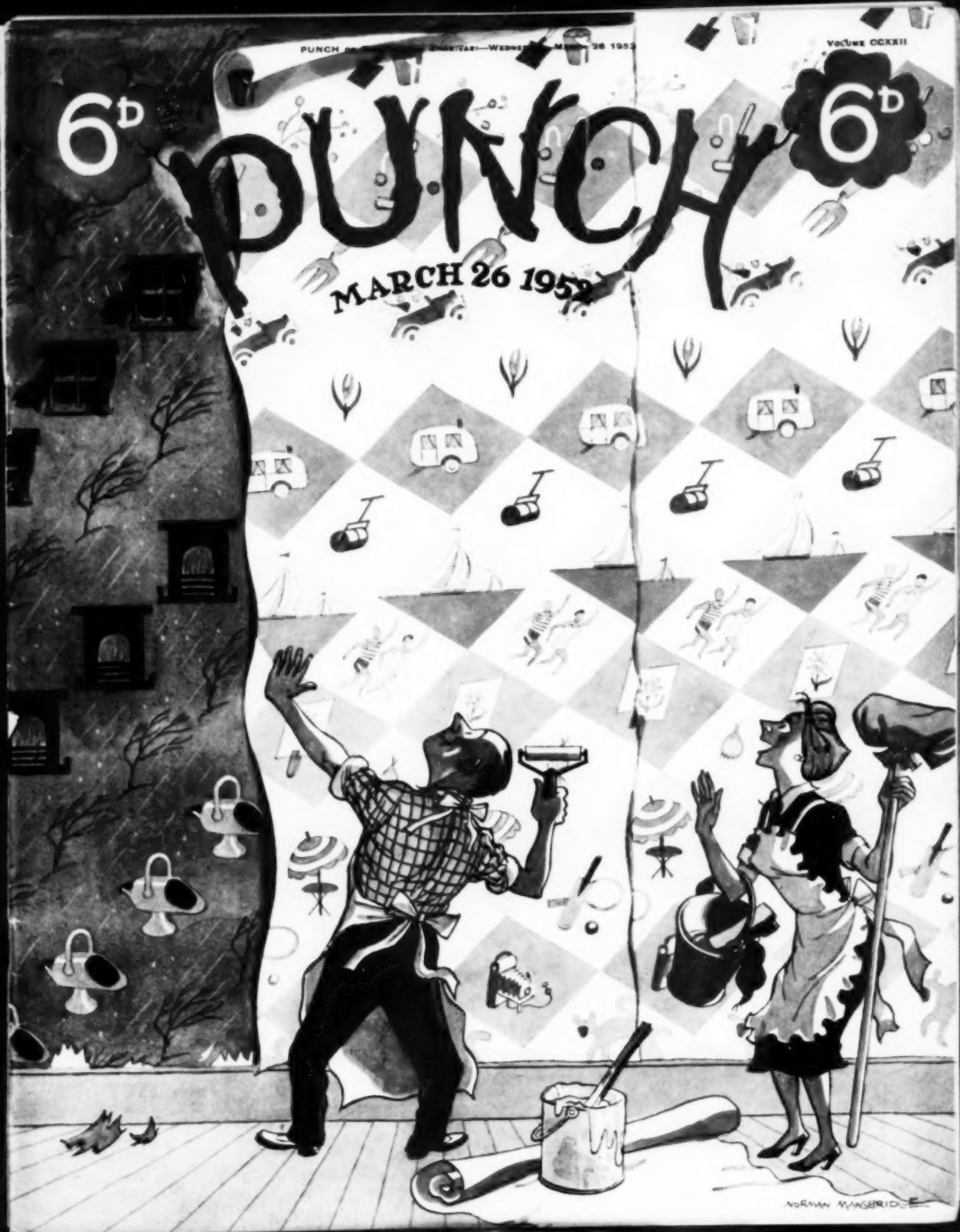
VOLUME CCKXII

6^d

PUNCH

6^d

MARCH 26 1952





Previous films have already shown that Rex Harrison and his Austrian-born actress wife Lilli Palmer make a wonderful screen partnership. Last autumn they went to Hollywood to appear together in another joint film, "The Fourposter" (production by Stanley Kramer for Columbia). For her birthday, Rex Harrison gave Lilli Palmer a Parker '51.

Rex Harrison gave his wife Lilli Palmer a Parker '51' for her birthday

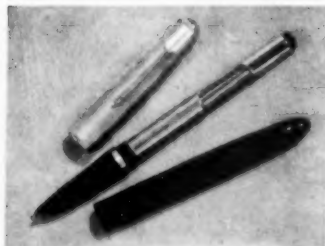
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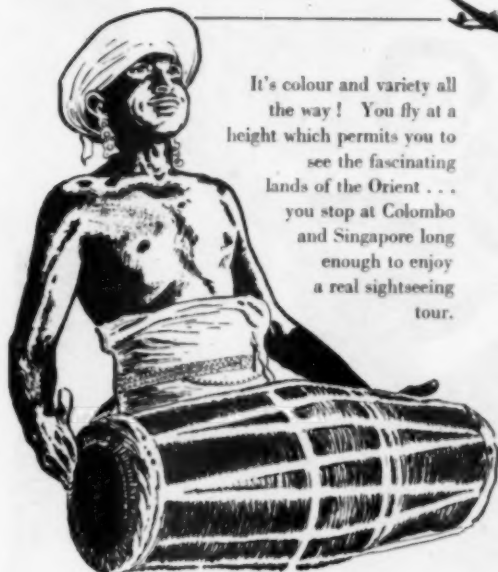
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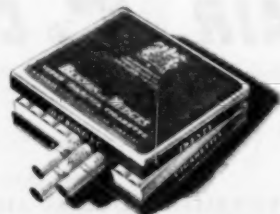


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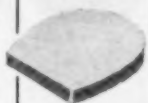
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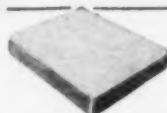
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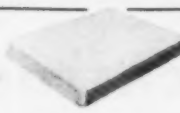
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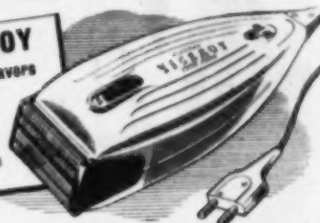
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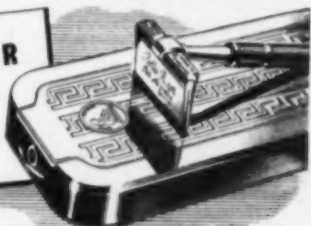
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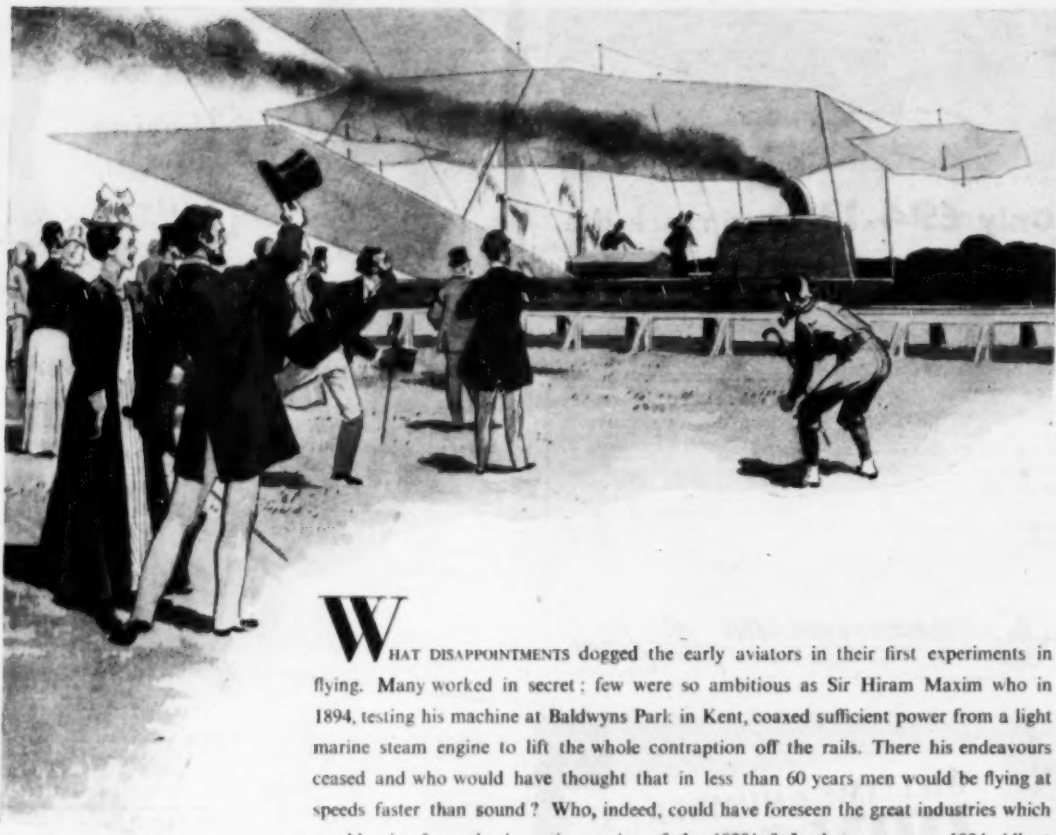
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*Notation
by Ray Carver*

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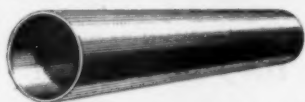


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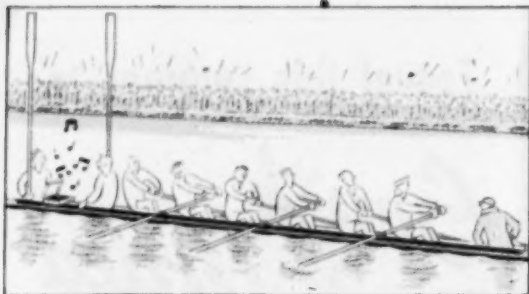


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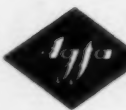
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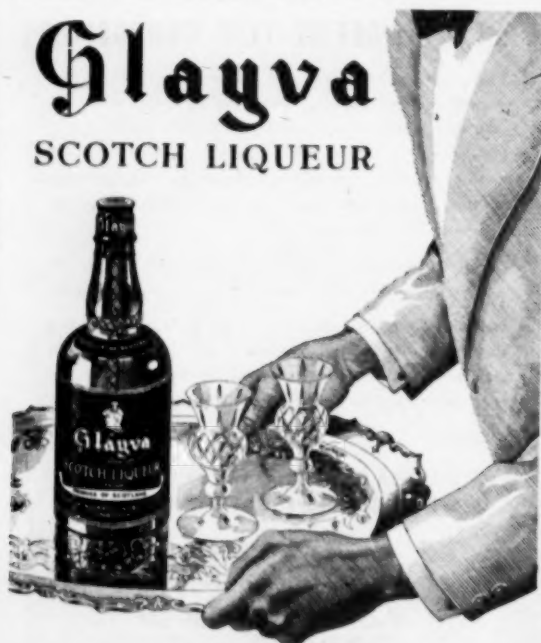


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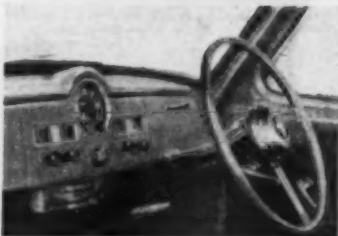
You'll admire the Somerset's graceful new styling. You'll like its new refinements . . . the deep, curved windscreen and rear window, push-button door handles with safety door locks at rear and external side lamps visible to the driver. It has luxurious, foam rubber seating in leather and extra room all round.

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AUSTIN

—you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



The deep seats give firm, restful support and the door width and height make it easy to get in and out. The instruments and controls are easy to read, easy to reach.

FATHER SAYS:
"I like the long life of Dunlopillo. It really saves my money."

GRANDMA SAYS:
"It's been awarded the 'Good Housekeeping' Seal of Quality, so it must be good."

MOTHER SAYS:
"Dunlopillo saves me hours of work every week. No turning, no dust or fluff, and so easy to handle!"

GRANDPA SAYS:
"Never known such deep comfort. Nothing hard or lumpy however long you're in bed... really kind to old bones, I'd say."

TOMMY SAYS:
"It's like sleeping on air."

COUSIN MOLLY SAYS:
"Mother says, dances and parties don't help a girl's complexion. But gee! Last night or not, how I sleep on Dunlopillo... and how fresh I look next day!"

Bedtime Family Favourite

DUNLOPILLO is the mattress par excellence for comfort, convenience and true economy. It offers perfect sleeping comfort in all seasons and all climates. For Dunlopillo is made from pure latex foam—which should never be confused with ordinary sponge rubber. With its millions of tiny self-ventilating air cells Dunlopillo latex foam is the most durable and satisfactory cushioning known to man.

PRICES range from £12 10s. 0d. for the 'Famous Four' single bed mattress to £29 17s. 6d. for the super comfort 'Deep Six' double bed size. Cot mattress £4 4s. 0d. (for 4' x 2' cot).



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DUNLOPILLO upholstery and loose cushion fillings make any chair a favourite chair.



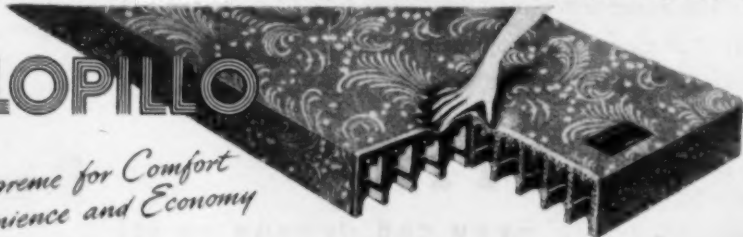
Baby deserves a DUNLOPILLO Cot Mattress; it gives precisely the right support.



The New Dunlopillo Super Soft Pillow will shortly be available for everybody.

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*Supreme for Comfort
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FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

2D/56



SPRING SONG

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A primrose in the glen:
 It leaps again when I am told
 The weights of rowing men.
 It is the Spring. The tidings of the crews
 Are like the crocus in the lawn of news.
 It is the Spring. Once more we know the weight
 Of every hero in the Oxford Eight.
 We suffer pleasurable shocks
 To see how much they're starving Cox.
 But sigh, or even sulk,
 If Stroke is losing bulk.
 What beefy boys! They shyly own
 An average of thirteen stone!
 And number 6 (though from the U.S.A.)
 Is not the heaviest, by quite a way;
 Which, don't you think, is rather grand
 In this besieged and rationed land.
 The Cambridge weights, they say, are published too:
 I do not study them so much. Do you?
 But I have seen these boys—to the naked eye
 They look like gods, enormous, eight feet high!

And when I catch them in the telescope
 I drop the instrument, and give up hope.
 No, cancel that. I think
 It is their turn to sink:
 Oxford can row a bit, a fool can see,
 Though every eight looks much the same to me.
 This only I have understood

About this breed of tar,
 That if they splash they are not good,
 And, if they don't, they are:
 And, by this ancient, simple rule
 The end is clear as gin,
 For neither's of the splashing school
 And both, I think, should win.
 But does it matter? Now do we exult
 In the event, and not in the result.
 In the great race of Spring
 Who cares which crocus won,
 What bird was first to sing?
 The answer's "None."

It is the Spring. The Briton digs and darns,
 And young men row from Putney Bridge to Barnes.
 It is the Spring. There seems to fall
 A kind of madness on us all:
 Why otherwise
 For no great prize
 Should anyone essay
 To travel four
 Long miles and more
 In this old-fashioned way?
 But let's be glad that such proud follies rage:
 They are the answer to the Atom Age.
 It's hard to find
 A madder thing:
 But never mind—
 It is the Spring.

A. P. H.



Art 1191



"There's nothing about it in the Camper's Guide."

TOURING THE CHATEAU COUNTRY

"WHAT did he say?"

"He said it was sixteenth century."

"What was?"

"I couldn't catch whether he meant the panelling or something that actually happened here."

"Oh. You know, I think we ought to keep close to that woman with the camera over her shoulder."

"The one with long black hair in a snood?"

"No. No. The blonde one bent under a rucksack, with the cross-gaiting up her legs."

"Why?"

"I think she's very knowledgeable. Now and-again she stands transfixed and says 'Magnifique!'"

"There are so many of us, it would be too difficult."

"Where are we all surging to now—did he say?"

"One ascends the Great Staircase."

"Well, anyone can see that. I say, do you mind if we drop back a bit? I'm developing an aversion for that small French boy with the pink bow tie."

"And now perhaps we shan't be able to hear the guide."

"I never do. Anyway, I only understand him when he says *sième siècle*. Ah, here we go again."

"He says the King of England slept in this very apartment."

"Which one."

"He didn't say."

"Well, you can tell which one by the date."

"I never can get the dates when they have *soixante-quinze* in them. Sorry."

"Oh well—now we are pressing on again, and we'll never know. The painted walls along this corridor are pretty super, don't you think, but I wonder what the blotches are?"

"Perhaps it's damp, or something. Oh! I beg your pardon, I mean, *Pardon?* Really, *Vraiment?* Oh, *merci, merci*. That gentleman has just explained that it's not damp. It was the vandalism of the citizens during the Revolution."

"Good Lord. I say, Monsieur le Guide has a really dramatic air about him this time. He's gathering his chickens close around him. I always recognize '*Venez, venez*'... Now, what was all that about?"

"Jolly interesting. This is where the Duc de Guise was murdered."

"Is that why the little bloke with the pleats is shaking his head so mournfully?"

"No, no. He's only saying '*Malheureux*' because the tour is terminated."

"Oh. Good."

STITCHCRAFT

THE daintiest antimacassars I know

Belong to my aunt—Miss Bedelia Rowe.

Embroider'd, her personal monograms twine

On chairs where the laity seldom recline.

Alas, to the family what they explain

Is why auntie must never go solo by train.

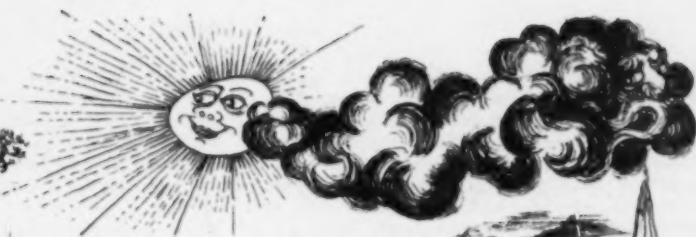
MARK BEVAN

THE ZEBRA CLUB

is closed for repairs.

Re-opening next week.





JUG-JUG, CUCKOO

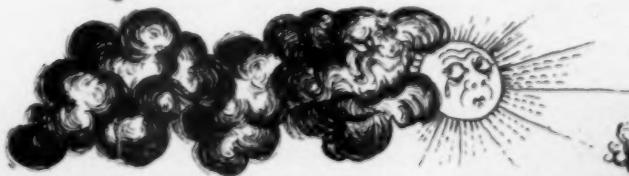
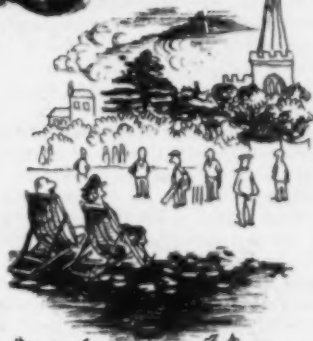
WHEN frosts are relatively few
And six o'clock finds windows grey
And other people's suits are new
And all the women's hats are gay
And buds are getting under way
And I am getting over 'flu,
I wave to all my friends and say
Chuck-chuck, pee-whit, jug-jug, cuckoo.

And some reply "The same to you"
And some turn hastily away.
I understand their point of view,
As is my kindly British way;
I am as resolute as they
To do as other people do:
Nevertheless I can but say
Chuck-chuck, pee-whit, jug-jug, cuckoo.

Though income-tax be overdue
And I too destitute to pay,
I know that in a month or two
The cricket pitch will be in play
And yachts creep out upon the bay
And milkmaids dabble in the dew:
And this emboldens me to say
Chuck-chuck, pee-whit, jug-jug, cuckoo.

The sun will climb the cloudless blue,
The soft south hold the scent of hay.
The brown birds all the summer through
Will sing some sixteen hours a day
Till cold cuts off their roundelay
And ends my annual outburst too,
And not a voice is left to say
Chuck-chuck, pee-whit, jug-jug, cuckoo.

P. M. HUBBARD



CIVIC SPRING

ENDLESS is the variety with which man has celebrated the Death of Winter and the Rebirth of Spring, as the most learned student of the subject quite incontrovertibly remarks. From the annual water-polo match in the streets of Venice to the combined brass-band and pancake-eating contests of Celebes, something is always going on from mid-March to mid-May; in popular usage spring is the most mobile of seasons. It is only to be expected that Britain's boroughs should display in vernal rites the same lavish ingenuity as they display in rating. In this survey of spring in our towns, intended as it is for family reading, no reference will be made to what occurs in urban districts. As there is no clear distinction between the behaviour of county and municipal boroughs, no such distinction will be drawn. A truce to preliminaries!

To start upon a note of unimpeachable respectability let us first direct our attention to Walsall. Here spring is greeted with a picturesque ceremony in which the Town Clerk addresses a Latin ode to the Mayor. The Mayor stands upon a pedestal, while the Town Clerk leans out of a window and apostrophizes him. It is the custom for the Mayor to feign embarrassment at hearing himself praised, and to shrug his shoulders beneath his robes, toying the while with his chain. False quantities are hissed vigorously by the crowd, which twice in the last fifty years has turned ugly.

Very different is the atmosphere at Dover. Effigies of the mayors of other Cinque Ports are burned amid obstreperous comment and the air resounds with cymbals clashed by those aldermen who have an ear for music. The Town Clerk is responsible for seeing that a steady stream of crackers is thrown on the bonfire and that the fun waxes ever faster and more furious. By some scholars these uninhibited proceedings are attributed to the proximity of France, by others to the proximity of Folkestone.

A recent circular from the Ministry of Local Government and Housing has drawn the attention of authorities to the desirability of attaining a modified consistency in fixing the date of celebrations. In an explanatory memorandum accompanying the circular the Ministry suggests this might mean that spring should be celebrated not earlier than the first Saturday in April and not later than the third Saturday in April or April 15, whichever is the earlier, unless Easter turns up round about the middle of the month, when Easter Monday might be a goodish day to choose. Model by-laws have been prepared for the use of councils that get into rather a muddle when trying to draft their own. In a speech to a hurriedly convened Press conference, the Minister said he was outspokenly in favour of spring but that his attitude to spring onions was reserved. An official spokesman said later that this remark was thought in official quarters to be jocose in intention.

An interesting development in recent years has been the co-operation between boroughs and outside bodies in organizing festivals. The pioneer was Hull, which in 1948 sent an invitation to the Headmasters' Conference to assist in the selection of a May Queen. A joint committee, consisting of the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, two aldermen and the headmasters of Tonbridge, Sherborne and Harrison College, Barbados, chose Mrs. Emma Pullright-Curtis, a free-lance lecturer in elocution. The latest example of co-operation is the agreement between the County Borough of Brighton and the Society of Apothecaries to eschew mutual leg-pulling on All Fools' Day.

Some of the rites of greatest academic interest are those in which the Re-animation of the Year is welcomed symbolically. Plymouth sees the change of season as symbolized by a giant egg, upon which the Lord Mayor sits while presiding in Council. By an ingenious clockwork device it hatches at the first meeting in April, when a warning "cheep" gives time to dismount. The inhabitants of Scarborough think of spring as a large yellow umbrella slowly opening. At one time a model was erected on the sands; but in 1753 it was felt that this was a little obvious and a bee-keeping contest was substituted.

One never knows when one may want to stand for a borough council, and it would be unwise to describe in detail some of the more *unusual* methods of hailing spring to be found in our cities. It seems fairly safe, however, to end with a mention of What Happens in the City of London, where rogue candidates have small hope of making even the primaries. On the appointed day, which is fixed by the Governor of the Bank of England after some complicated business with an abacus and a pair of dice, the normal hours of morning coffee are extended in both directions to fill the period between detraining at London Bridge and getting there early for lunch. Everybody that can find a turtle holds a feast and a portable conduit plays burgundy in Cheapside at 11 A.M., claret in Throgmorton Street at noon and champagne in the Poultry at one.

The sheriffs, on the steps of the Royal Exchange, hurl seasonable verses across at the Mansion House, whence they are reciprocated in a stentorian voice by the Lord Mayor:

SHERIFFS.

The winds of March and the showers of April
Bring forth the buds and blossoms of May.

LORD MAYOR.

It is just as you say.
Now Gog and Magog dance hand in hand
From Aldgate Pump till they reach the Strand.

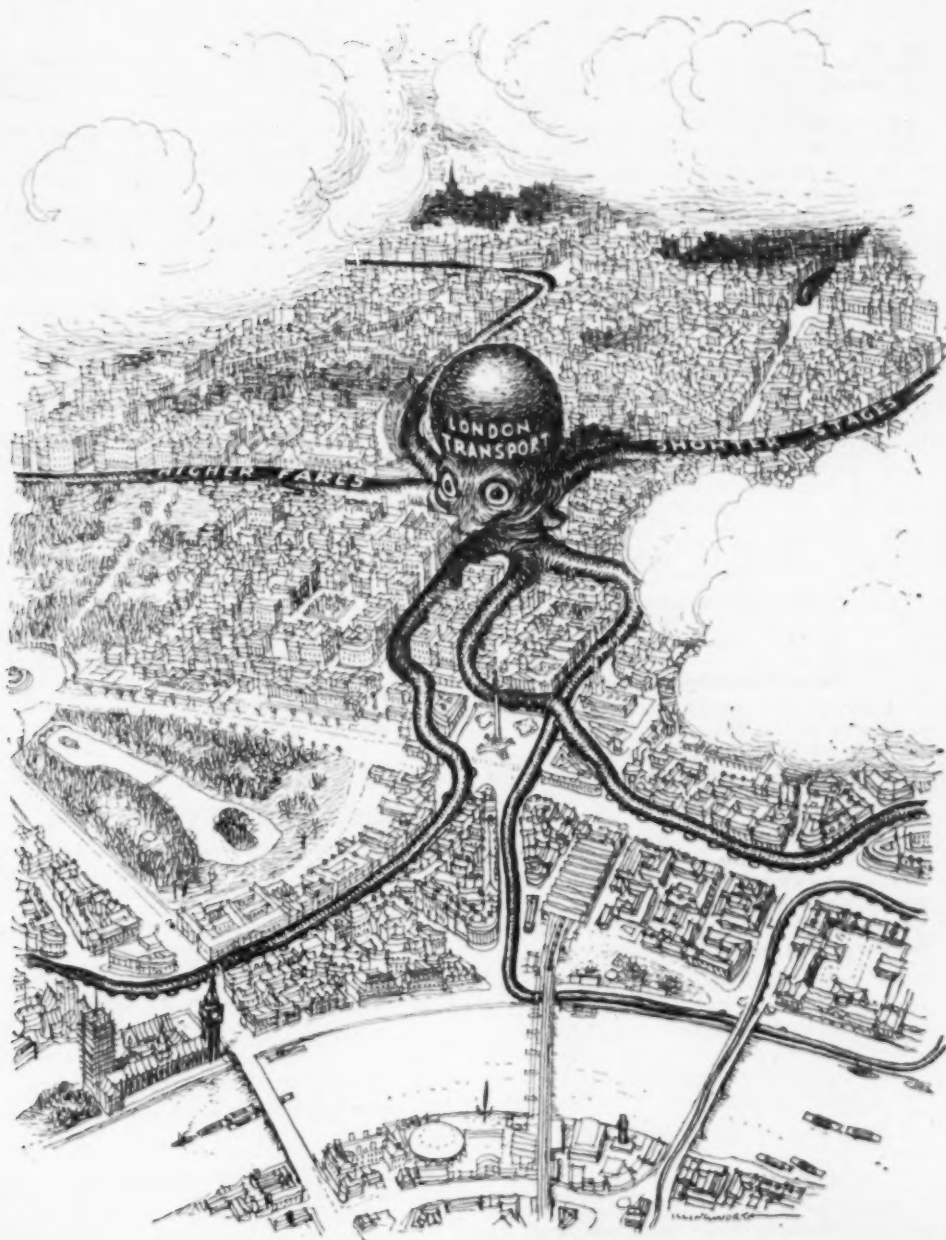
SHERIFFS. That's grand.

LORD MAYOR. And . . .

(At this point it is usual for the City Chamberlain to lead the crowd in frantic and protective cheering.)

R. G. G. PRICE





DEAR OCTOPUS



IN THE SPRING A PRINTER'S FANCY . . .



MANY writers make the mistake of thinking that all a printer can do is to string a lot of letters together in the order desired, put punctuation marks here and there, range the whole lot in columns and top off with a title in rather larger type. We experienced journalists, of course, know better than that, and frequently order italics (as you observe), words in bold type, tiny titles or even such out of the way arrangements as whole sentences or paragraphs enclosed in a border or rule—"in a box" as we say.

This is a box

But even experienced journalists are apt to under-rate the printer's powers.

Having occasion recently to put some words in a box, I did not altogether care for the result when it was shown to me. There was a certain bleakness. "I suppose," I said, "you haven't any other kind of rule or border; something with a wiggle in it, say?" They took the box away, and when they brought it back again I was astounded.

This is a much better box

I had never seen such a box, in all my twenty years' experience as a journalist. "Let it be used," I said, "subject of course to the Editor's discretion if he happens to catch sight of it"; and shortly afterwards the great presses began to pour out copies of my beautiful box to a waiting world.

This incident emboldened me to ask the printers whether they had by any chance yet other rules or borders, and when they showed me what they had got I realized at once that I had been wasting my time. "Do you seriously mean to tell me," I asked, "that I can have this or this or even this?" "By all means," they said. "How much," I asked, "can I have—of this for instance?" "Any amount," they said. "Yards of it, if you like. Or, of course, there's this which comes in several sizes."

"Bring pens, ink and paper," I said. "I want to create."

SPRINGTIME IN YOUR GARDEN

Now that the evenings are lengthening, the keen gardener will find plenty of work to occupy his spare time. In flower and vegetable garden alike there is much to be done, mowing has already begun in many parts of the country, and the work of trimming and

tidying must not be forgotten if the treasures of full summer are to luxuriate to the best advantage.

Nothing is worse than an unsightly hedge and



the shears should by now be busily at work snipping



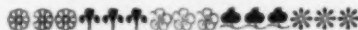
off the winter's ragged growth to ensure a good, even finish:



Variety is the keynote of a herbaceous border, and few will be content with a monotonous display



of geum or dahlias. Mix your favourites in bold groups



and by the time the swallows come



you will have a border that you can be proud of, just as printers have.

Do be on the look out at this time of year for the tell-tale tracks



of that bane of the gardener's life, *Helix aspersa*, which comes out at dusk in formidable numbers



and may do untold damage. An ounce of soot now will save a pound of trouble later. Just sprinkle it lightly round, and your tender Alpines



will be safe from the ravages of this pest.

Here is a useful tip anent tool-shed management:



(No, no, printer—you've got the thing the wrong way up.)



Watering-cans are often a nuisance unless properly stacked. Their arrangement in orderly rows is one of those tiresome but useful wet-weather tasks to which the scrupulous amateur gardener will set his



hand before March is out. See that the spouts face right and left alternately as shown.

Onions should be set slanting—

I had got thus far, when the printers, who had shown a good deal of interest in what I was up to (I suspect that they get tired of interminable "e"s and "t"s and "s"s, with only an occasional semi-colon to vary the monotony), intervened with the remark that there was no need to confine myself to rules and borders unless I so wished. They had other trifling decorative pieces that might be of interest and even, they dared to say, of use.

"Such as?" I asked.



Well!

"Or," they added, "



While I was meditating on the thousands of words I have wasted in my time trying to conjure up for my readers just such a dish of fruit as this, they went away and fetched a kind of catalogue of everything they had to offer. Kindly disregard my gardening hints and begin again as follows.

MIDDLE-AGED WRITER THROWS BONNET OVER WINDMILL

There is not, for some reason, any electro (such words!) in the catalogue illustrating the above incident. I fall back on this



which shows a bandy-legged artist drawing left-handed on a rock, while two waterfowl look on aghast. I



like it better than another one on the next page of the catalogue, which is either the front view of a bee, greatly enlarged, or the back view of a motor cyclist at speed. The ears are too big in either case.

Spring. I must not forget, is my theme; but, before

we come to that, here is an example of what we journalists call montage:



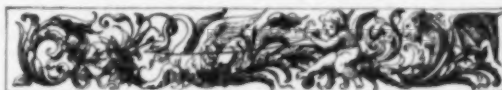
The Brutal Sport of Pig-sticking

[Note.—The finger of scorn is pointing the wrong way]

When the sap is rising and all nature is astir, our thoughts turn naturally to the great outdoors, to sports and games, to quiet days by the river (though I use a smaller hook myself) and the fiercer excitements of cricket, tennis, bathing, or dancing by moonlight at Torquay and Bournemouth, all of which I could illustrate by electros had I the mind and the space to do it. Away with the diabolical symbols of winter's

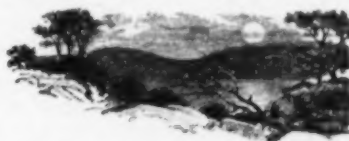


discontent. Already the tireless chiffchaff sprinkles the woods with his reiterated call (*Printer! Where is the musical notation in this catalogue? Oh. Very well then.* The chiffchaff is late this year, but already from copse and thicket comes the characteristic music of swans



as they are driven through the undergrowth by thoughtless urchins. The equinox has come and gone. The time for *al fresco* frisking is at hand.

There is an engraving of beehives in the catalogue that I should very much have liked to work in. But enough is enough; the vernal note has, in my submission, been fairly struck; and prudence suggests that something be left for another time. Besides, the end of the page at last approaches. And so we say farewell



to Cokernut Island—though not, if there is room for it, without a final flourish.



FOR THE MAN WITHOUT DISTINCTION

FOR me the darkest hour before the dawn comes about the end of February, and I want to address a few words to the gentleman who each year sends me a brochure from London at what he calls the quiet season.

Look at these men standing about on page one of the brochure. They are all six feet seven inches tall. I dare say Regent Street is full of men seventy-nine inches tall, but now have a look at me. Examine with sympathy my measurements. I am sixty-seven inches tall and just able to look my poppie in the eye.

Height is only the beginning of the superiority these men have over me. They all have background. The three of them, wearing town lounge suits, are inside a club for men who are in the know. Their faces are tanned and have good-natured but resolute expressions. They are men who can, with a single glance, force a fishmonger to halve his prices; they can drive a Juggernaut XXX at 90 m.p.h. with one hand free for gesticulations; they can look into the eyes of the most beautiful women in the world without paralysis of the brain and conversation. Altogether these men of page one make me wonder how desperate the

R.A.F. must have been in 1940 to accept me, why on earth my poppie married me, why a Bournemouth tan wears off before November, and where I can find a town to lounge about in.

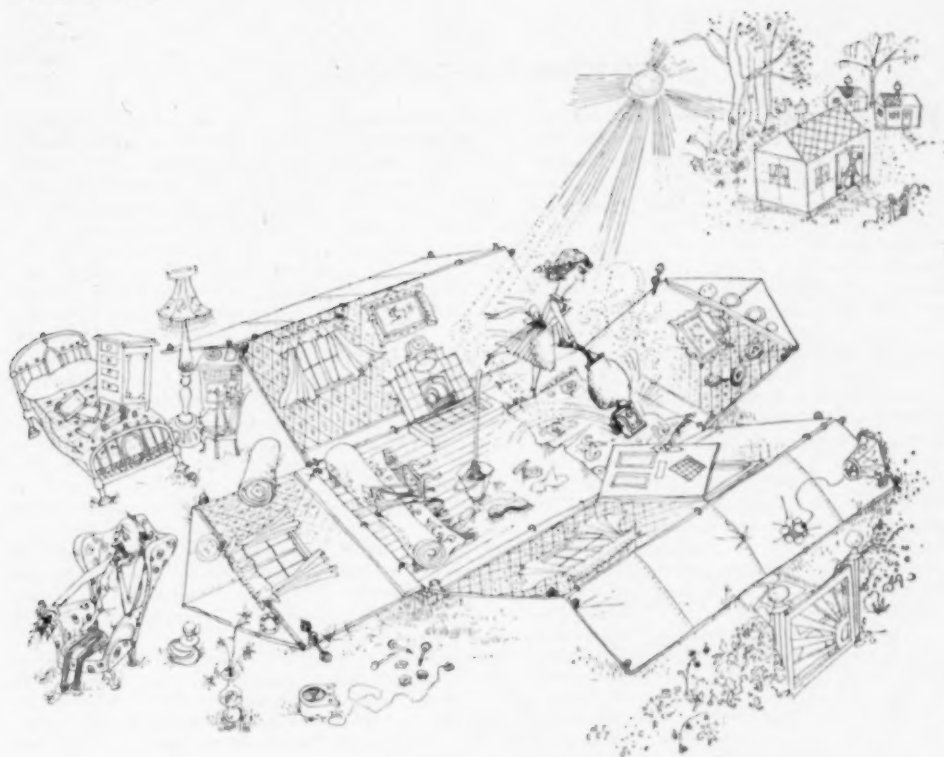
The three tall men on page two are all wearing clothes for the leisure occasion. Why is this? Ought not they to be busy compiling statistics? What is a leisure occasion anyway? For me leisure is something during which occasions never turn up. Similarly, occasions, although they take place when I might be dozing by the fire, are never things of leisure. They are things of palpitating terror: the agitated tomfoolery with cutlery: the fumbling admission that I've never heard of Consols: the forbidding atmosphere when I explain to my host that I must leave now, it being time for the nine o'clock news and bed. Perhaps the leisure occasion is something that belongs to London. Certainly one has to be formidable for it. I think the men of page one would shout and laugh with me, but not those of page two. There's a touch of grey at their temples and exasperation in their mouths: they use long cigarette-holders: they understand Jung: they carry in their pockets little samples of molybdenum and uranium, and single tickets to Rio de Janeiro: they are strong and usually silent men.

On page three are the men who really frighten me, the men of the lost generation. Just as tall as their sons on the previous pages, they are still upright, in good health, and quite capable of putting a stop to the mutterings of small, frivolous men by word or gesture. The only thing is, what with their service abroad and the thinning of their blood by rationing, they feel the cold. Therefore we see them wearing heavy overcoats and bowler hats for town wear, formal occasions, travel, and dogs. One of the most humiliating moments of my life was when one of these gentlemen visited my mother. I was only sixty-four inches

tall at the time. "Let me have your coat," I said to the distinguished visitor, "your umbrella and your dog, and I will hang them in the hall." He took off his overcoat as though it were a cardigan and passed it to me with murmured thanks. I took it with one hand, but it was so heavy that it fell to the floor. I tried, vainly, to pick it up with both hands. "I'm so sorry," the gentleman said, picking it up with two fingers. It wasn't until later that I learned what he was sorry about. While I was washing up he said to my mother: "I'm so sorry your son is an invalid. Still, I understand that on September the third there is to be a war, and it will at least excuse him from that."

I'm sure it is clear now that what I want is a catalogue for the small, shabby man. The clothes advertised must be usable for playing with babies, combat on the Inner Circle, and frequent arguments about Dali and Elizabeth Bowen. Bowler hats are useless because, apart from its low altitude, my head is disproportionately large; and heavy overcoats are out because, although I might live in one, I could not get it to ambulate with me. Also, I think the propaganda would make a more favourable impression if I received cloth samples—my poppie wants to make a patchwork quilt.





TRUE THOMAS AND THE ELF

TRUE Thomas is digging his garden
Whaur the spinach beet will go,
When up there starts a faery elf
Wha hopp'd and clutch'd a toe.

"Now every plague in my elfin power
Upon this garden fa'!
Your carrots shall be but three times three
And your radishes none at a'!

The braid, braid beans for the blackfly!
The peas to the birds o' the air!
But you shall chaw the lettuce braw
Till you'd never see lettuce mair!"

The faery elf did pause for breath,
And True Thomas shook his head.
"If that's the height of your elfin power
It isn't much," he said.

"Why, it's just about what one expects
Wi' the soil what it is round here;

In fact, now I come to think of it,
We did even worse last year.

Carrots, you say, will be three times three——"
"Hauld off, O mortal man!
I speak again! A faery's bane
Lie on yon watering-can!"

True Thomas once more he shakes his head;
"You can do naught, I think,
For a watering-can that maun be fill'd
Frae the tap in the kitchen sink,

And carried round past the coal-shed
By a man sae clean and neat,
And ne'er the day that he does not slosh
A good half-pint on his feet——"

But the faery elf he flew away
And True Thomas watched him go
And then went back to his digging
Whaur the spinach beet would grow.

ANDE



CROUCHED FOR THE SPRING

THE time of splendid, devil-may-care decisions is at hand.

You have only to take Mrs. Venner. Already now she walks around the house without her furlined boots. Or Mr. Angers. With blithe contempt for the draught through the landing sky-light, Mr. Angers has replaced his belted overcoat with a gossamer dressing-gown, in which he trails to the bathroom smelling of mothballs. As for Lucy, by ten o'clock in the morning she is not only out of her bedroom: she has borrowed a shilling for the gas, made away with all the hot water and most of Mrs. Angers' bath-essence, and is singing "Some Enchanted Evening" while she turns the kitchen upside-down for the tin in which Mr. Angers hides my coffee. The house, in fact, is astir with new life, and it is all very disturbing.

Any day now Mrs. Venner is going to come purposefully into the flatlet in a skittish voile frock,

accompanied by a man whose name will be Fred. On his hat there will be plastery finger-marks, and he will climb about on the furniture, measuring the walls.

"You'll have to move the wardrobe," I shall say, "if it's about the death-watch beetle."

"No," Mrs. Venner will whisper, gravely: "I've got him in to see about the dado."

They will go away then, deep in talk, and that will be the last we see of Fred for another year. I know as well as Mrs. Venner (and so does Fred) that nothing will be done about the dado, if we all live to be a hundred. This annual charade is nothing more than a symptom (somewhere between a harbinger and a manifestation) of spring. The dado itself (dark brown tulips on a background of cast-iron trellis-work) is timeless and indestructible. Fred knows that he would never be permitted to lay a hand on it, even if he could manœuvre his scaffolding up three flights without savaging the banisters: but spring performs its magic even in the dusty hearts of decorators, and year by year he humours Mrs. Venner. Good old Fred!

The next thing will be my curtains. Mrs. Venner will drag them down, and roll them up, and bear them off; and for a couple of months I shall have a clear view of the bearded poet across the road as he waters the mint in his window-box. I shall observe that he has changed his duffle-coat for a grass-green shirt, and sometimes—for at this season an Englishman's reserve is vulnerable—we shall nod to one another.

The kitchen will be redolent no longer of Mr. Angers' cheese-straws and devilled rabbit, and our relations will subtly change. One day when I go in to empty my teapot I shall find him humming a Continental tango while he tosses a salad in the colander I put over my bread. We shall laugh as we place a tomato-stalk where Lucy will think it is a spider, and in a moment all

will be well between us. I shall forget that for the past twelve months he has consistently read my daily paper before I came down to collect it (sometimes going to the extent of gumming the pages together with marmalade); and he will dismiss from his mind the regularity with which he has banged his knee on my bike among the coats in the hall.

Mrs. Venner will finally master "O what a Beautiful Mornin'," and as she ferrets in the coal-shed for the lawn-mower she gave away for scrap in October, or jabs experimentally at the privet with a pair of dressmaker's scissors, her voice will be full of the promise of sunshine and flowers. Has she not already dyed the front part of her hair? Did she not yesterday wink at the postman as she polished up the knocker in a jaunty hat? She has, and she did—and the whole thing is catching.

The time is not far distant when I myself shall be moved to take out the screws which have kept my window tight-shut against the gusty airs of winter, and the top half will come crashing down in the night, exposing my flimsy belongings to the gusty airs of spring. Great, strapping thrushes will come and peer in at me as I eat my simple breakfast, and I shall surprise myself by saying "Hello, little birds!" and offering them grapes. I shall remove the soap-dish from beneath the damp patch on the ceiling. I shall sleep with my head on the pillow instead of under it. I shall poke the fluff out of my flageolet, and really get to grips with "The Irish Washerwoman."

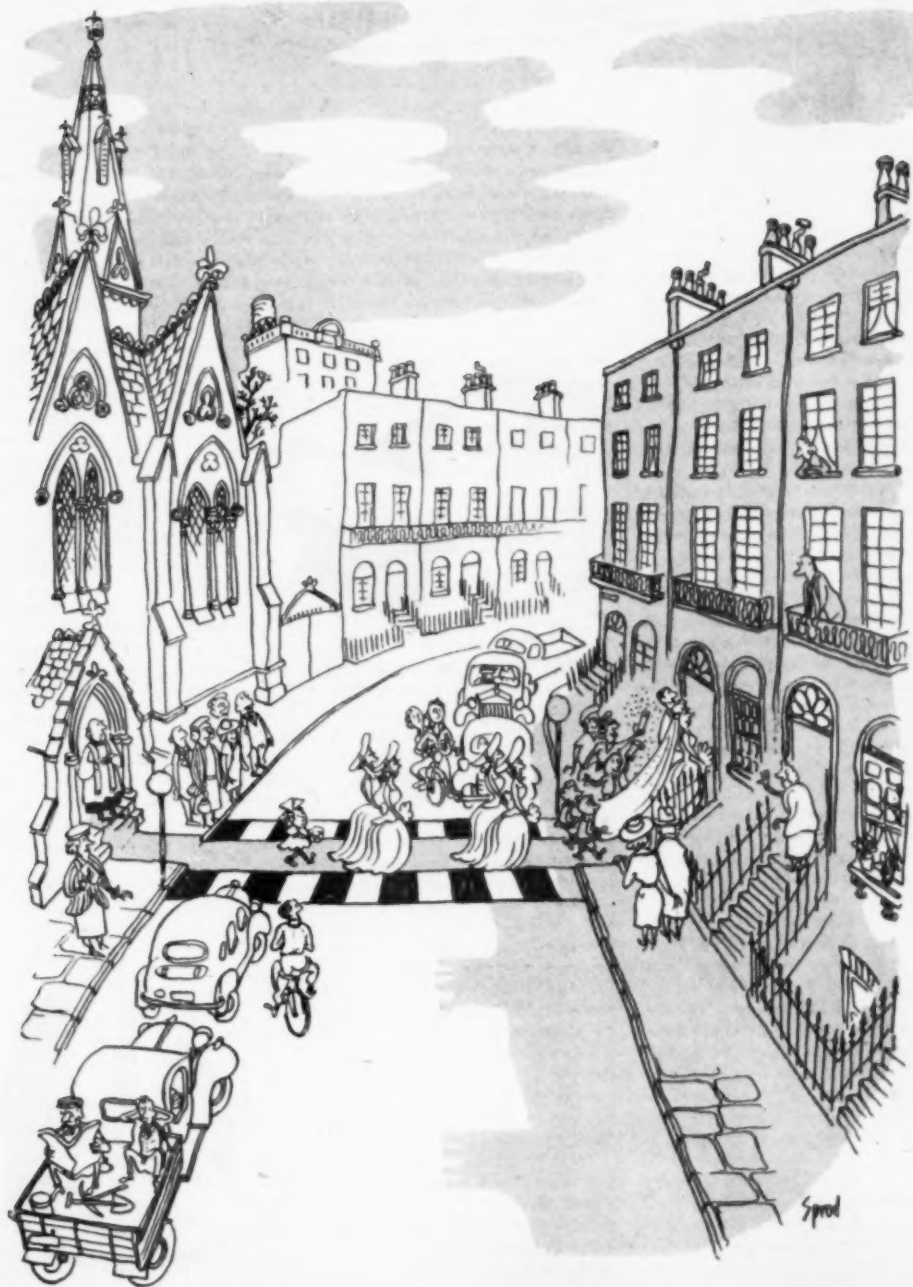
(Where is my tennis racket? Why is my box-camera full of ravelled string? How did this sun-tan lotion turn to clay? Surely I had more than one lemon sock? How do you get to Kew?)

I shall order a very big car. I shall cover my tea-chest with chintz. What is more, with effect from to-morrow, I shall definitely wear my other trousers.

ALEX ATKINSON



"There isn't any writing on it."





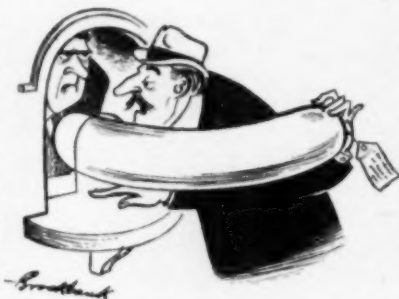
BYE-LAWS & BALLOONS

At the time of writing no uniform procedure has been enforced for sending inflated balloons by rail. Practice varies considerably from station to station, and, indeed, from balloon to balloon, for whereas the sausage type can be pushed through the aperture in the glass screen of a booking office, the pear-shaped balloon must be entered at the goods office and may very well be subject to different bye-laws. My experience in this matter is limited, but no doubt typical, and I offer it to the authorities in the hope that standard regulations will be drawn up.

I first had occasion to send a balloon—a yellow pear some twelve inches by nine—from one suburb of a large provincial city to another, a distance by the direct branch line of about five miles. The balloon having been inflated to its maximum safe capacity and a label tied round its neck (this, incidentally, was done outside the station precincts but was watched with growing interest by a railwayman sweeping the yard) I delivered it to the only man on platform duty, asking him to give it priority. He was, admittedly, a youth, and new to goods, but none the less his attitude surprised me. He turned it over several times and asked me what I meant.

After some controversy, during which I remember his saying he had never heard of anything like it in his life, he agreed to accept it and put it on the scales (for a joke, I suppose). It would be a shilling. I inquired about the cost of insurance for, say, £50, but apparently articles without packing cannot be accepted as a good risk and he declined the commission. We then turned to the question of company's risk, and after consulting the third of four large volumes of railway regulations and satisfying himself that no special provisions attached to balloons except when accompanied by bona fide theatricals (it

doesn't matter what those provisions are) he agreed to take company's risk at an extra cost of twopence. The understanding was that if any damage should occur in transit—if it should lose any of the characteristics of an inflated balloon—the company would be responsible in full.



This happened on a Saturday, and his next objection was that since no trains ran along the branch line that evening or the next day the balloon could not be sent until Monday. He refused at first to consider sending it into the city terminus, across by lorry to another terminus, and thence to the station of destination, on the ground that he didn't know what they would think at Central. But I explained the urgency and he was eventually persuaded that Central's views were irrelevant and that it was his duty to send freight by the quickest route. The balloon was delivered at 2 P.M. on Sunday in a large articulated van sent for the purpose, and the bill of conveyance which the consignee was required to sign was headed in large black type: Urgent. Special Delivery.

But experience varies. A short time later it was necessary to send a balloon—a red sausage, not more than twelve inches overall—to the superintendent minister of the Methodist Mission in a large city in

the north, and another—a blue pear, about fourteen by eleven—to the music critic of the daily newspaper there in connection with the anniversary of the death of Orlando Gibbons. I decided to send them from the next station along the line and handed the red sausage through the glass screen. There is no need to repeat in full my conversation with the booking clerk, but the upshot was that he accused me, in effect, of submitting a frivolous order and refused to take delivery. I am glad to say that the receipt for the first consignment convinced him that a precedent had been established and he agreed at length to send it, though only at owner's risk.

But I gathered from various remarks that he might take exception if I then produced and inflated the blue pear (in any case the train was due shortly) and I returned with it to my local station. The only railwayman on the platform (an experienced hand this time) was attending to a train, and since he appeared deep in conversation with





the guard I went into his office to read the notices. After several minutes the train drew out and he

came to attend to me. But when I produced the balloon from behind the counter a look of alarm came over him. "What is all this balloon business?" he said. "There was one on that train."

He was rather curt. He accepted the balloon at owner's risk and charged a penny more than the previous rate for company's risk. I tried to find whether there were different tariffs for different colours, but got no reply. He refused to discuss insurance. Whether the red sausage and the blue pear ever arrived I cannot say, since I neglected to sign the labels.

On each of these occasions the balloon was charged by weight; that is to say, the $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. minimum. Because of the anomalies that still persist each was charged at a different rate—1s. 2d. company's risk, and then 1s. 2d. and 1s. 3d. owner's risk. Taking 1s. 1d. as an average at owner's risk, the tariff is obviously prohibitive and would make any large-scale traffic in single balloons uneconomic. On a commercial scale, however, the railway has obvious advantages, since any number of balloons up to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. can be tied to the same label and sent



for the price of one. (At the risk of seeming facetious one could inquire into the bulk tariff for balloons lighter than air.) The manufacturers have recently been producing toy balloons in the shapes of animals, and quite possibly separate regulations apply to them. But I have never heard of anybody sending one.

I do feel, however, that the possibilities of insurance have not been fully explored. I shall shortly have to send a balloon to a physician. I propose to describe it as a sample of breath for analysis and the rubber will then be the packing. If it is plainly labelled "Pathological Specimen. With Care" I should think they will have to insure it.

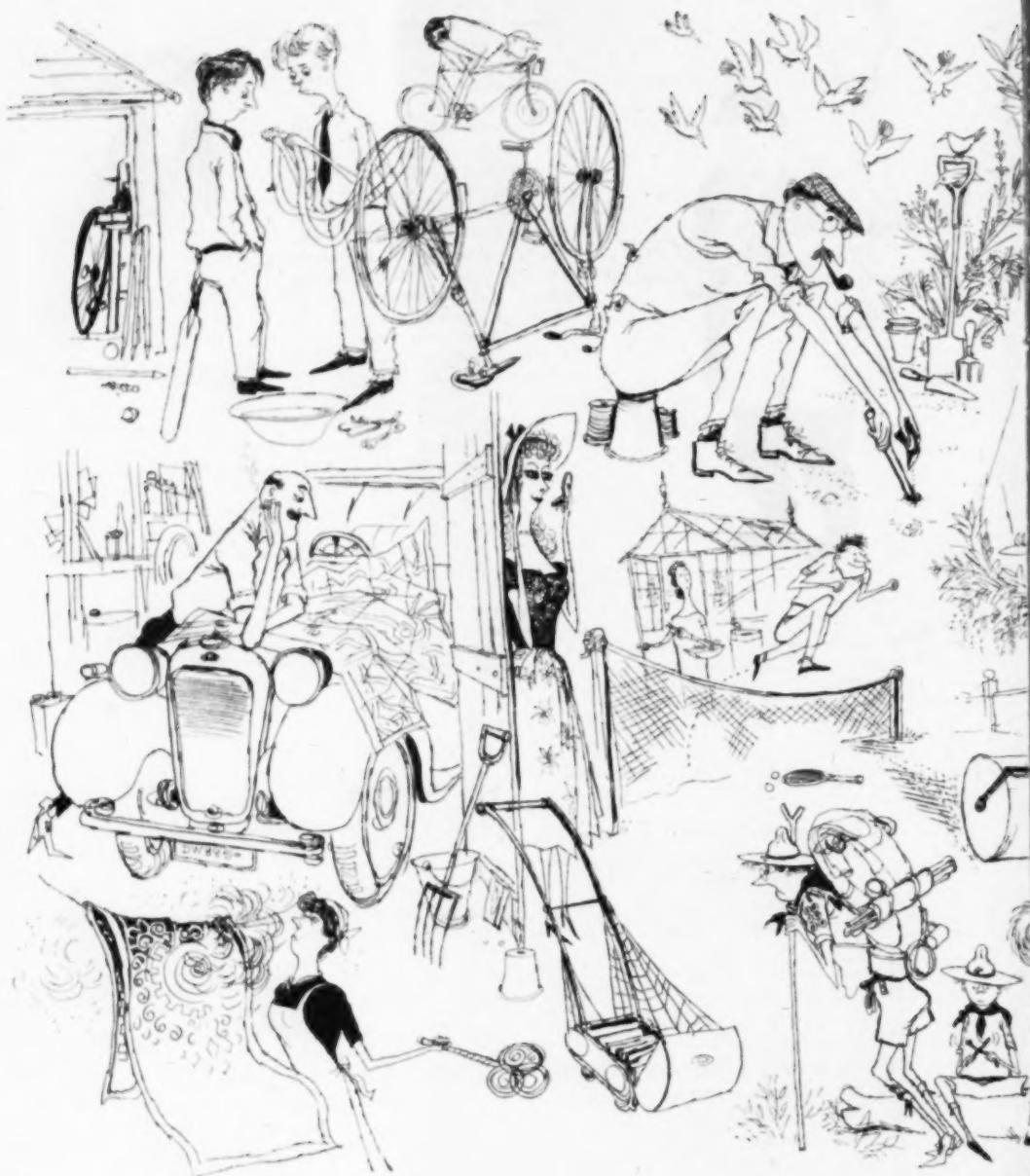
MY DOCTOR

MY doctor, Dr. Tompkins, is a man
Who goes his rounds as gladly as he can,
Full chirpily he flits from bed to bed
And all the world refers to him as Fred.
Sometimes, though, I rather wonder if the old
devil
Is absolutely on the level.
He pops as he pleases
In and out of all the infectious diseases
Under the sun
Without catching a single one
And has never once been seen
Staying in quarantine.
I can't help feeling
That he and his lot may be deliberately concealing
Some perfectly simple antidote
To such things as sore throat,
Croup,
Roup.

Urticaria
And chronic calceolaria,
Knowing that if they get rid of them for good
They will also be getting rid of their livelihood—
Including, in the case of Fred,
Not only his daily bread
But the nice new Bolls-Rentley that the old dear
Looks forward so eagerly to every year.
This would account for his apathy in the face of Aunt
Phoebe's
Hot-weather heebie-jeebies
And his fondness for discussing Canterbury Bells
When I am busy telling about my dizzy spells.
It would explain his prescribing for pain-in-the-neck
Apparently in Czech
And his knowing all about the insides of motors
And the curing of bacon and bloaters
But not having the ghost of a clue
About 'flu.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

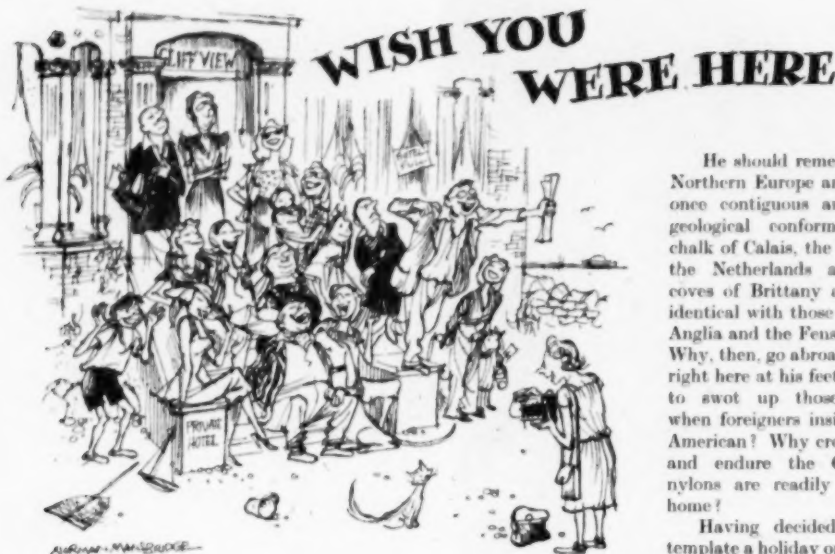




DEHIBERNATION



SURVEY



IT is still possible, we are told, to holiday abroad within the £25 travel allowance: we can have a week in Denmark or Holland, a few days in Belgium or a meal in Paris, and still have enough money left to send picture postcards to our closest friends. Some people are of the opinion that the allowance is ample for at least a month's junketing across the Channel: they claim that Continental porters, taxi-men, waiters, police and government officials are completely *au fait* with our economic situation, sympathize deeply with us, and no longer expect tips and service charges; that hotel proprietors—so anxious are they to have Britons on their books—will cheerfully accept a moiety of their standard rates; and that the Union Jack or a British accent immediately elicits overwhelming offers of hospitality, lifts and loans from perfect strangers.

Even so, many people who every year toy with the idea of a Continental holiday before booking their fortnight at Worthing with Mrs. Dewer, formerly Mrs. Patterson (Excellent cuisine, separate tables, diets arrgd., dogs recd.), will not bother this year even to send off

for the handsome Holidays Abroad guides of the travel agencies.

Does this mean that their holidays need be less enjoyable, exciting, healthful, restful? Not if they take the trouble to adjust themselves mentally, psychologically, to the new economic climate. The British holiday-maker should remember that thousands of Americans are willing to cross the Atlantic, even in election year, and to pay out hundreds of almighty dollars in order to see the land that lies at his very doorstep. They are ready and anxious to share his privations, his favourite strip of beach, his meat and his drink. The mere fact of remembering all this—for about five minutes each day, just before breakfast—should add enormously to the success of his holiday in Britain.

HOMELY, SOCIABLE ATMOSPHERE. STATE-REGISTERED NURSE IN ATTENDANCE PERMANENTLY. FACILITIES INCLUDE WASHING, AIRING AND IRONING ROOMS. IDEAL FOR EARLY AND LATE HOLIDAYS.

He should remember, too, that Northern Europe and Britain were once contiguous and are still in geological conformity, that the chalk of Calais, the alluvial flats of the Netherlands and the rocky coves of Brittany are structurally identical with those of Dover, East Anglia and the Fens, and Cornwall. Why, then, go abroad to see what is right here at his feet? Why bother to swot up those phrase-books when foreigners insist on speaking American? Why cross the Channel and endure the Customs when nylons are readily obtainable at home?

Having decided not to contemplate a holiday on the Continent our next task is to find somewhere out of this world, staggeringly beautiful and fantastically cheap, in Britain. There are three courses open to us. We may, and probably will, go where we went last year and the years before; we may go somewhere that has been strongly recommended by friends; or we may succumb to the blandishments of the advertisement columns. Personally recommended accommodation should be avoided, I think, at all costs . . .

"Oh, it's marvellous. Best holiday we ever had. You'd love it;





just your cuppa. Tell you what, I'll write 'em and see whether they can fix you up."

"That's very kind, but—"

"No trouble. Pleasure. Tell me when you want to go and whether you want just B. and B. or the whole works and I'll write off to-night."

"Well, I'm not quite sure. Are you going there again?"

"You bet. Nowhere like it. Third week in July we're going. Why not join us?"

"I'd love to, but I can't manage it. I shan't get away much before September."

"O.K., Madge won't mind—I'll switch ours to the first week in September. Honestly, I'm dying to see your face when you get there. Wonderful . . . no, really, old chap, we don't mind a bit. Anyway, the weather's usually better in September, isn't it?"

"Did I say September? I meant October . . ."

And advertised accommodation can be extremely irritating. We find an hotel that sounds exactly right—"Lic., C.H., Private Baths, G., Nt. Porter, Bdrm. fires, Diets arrgd., Fishing, Golf, Riding," until we come to "No dogs." Then after much searching we find an hotel that loves children ("Children welcomed"), tolerates dogs ("dogs recd."), but makes no mention of its mattresses; and when every other hotel describes its mattresses specifically as "interior sprung" this omission is, we feel, significant and suspicious.

REFINED HOTEL. WELL-BEHAVED CHILDREN ESPECIALLY WELCOMED. BEDSIDE LIGHTS. H. AND C. ALL PRINCIPAL BEDS. OWN GLASSHOUSE, LOCK-UPS. ON SLIGHT INCLINE ONLY.

At last we find it. It has everything, but apparently it wants more, for the reply to your letter is cool, confident and mimeographed. It says that owing to recent increases in costs the management have found it necessary to adjust the hotel's rates from fifteen to twenty guineas per week. We tear up this letter and brood darkly on the Catering Wages Act, the new travel allowance, the influx of transatlantic visitors, inflation and profiteers. Then we write off to Mrs. Dewar (formerly Mrs. Patterson) at 307, Horse Villas, Worthing.

Let us suppose, though, that our British holiday-maker is not such an old stick-in-the-mud (no offence meant, Worthing!) as the rest of us, and that he is prepared to experiment with an unusual holiday. What is offered? Well, there's a tour of the great country mansions. Admission is about 2s. 6d. (children, 1s.), parking is usually free, and teas and minerals are available at moderate prices. Clearly, we cannot expect the social and fiscal measures that have opened these mansions to the public to remain in operation indefinitely: sooner or later, according to certain political propagandists,



the rich will re-inherit the earth and will be able to turn up their noses at our poor half-crowns. So if we wish to see something of these architectural treasures we must hurry.

Other unusual holidays can be spent at Stratford-on-Avon (see Anne Hathaway's cottage, the Americans, etc.), on Waterloo Bridge (still time to glimpse the Dome of Discovery and the Skylon), or at one of the big holiday camps (for square dancing, physical jerks and benevolent paternalism).

And one more suggestion. It is still possible to spend a holiday in Britain and yet to return home with baggage labelled most impressively. A glance at the atlas tells us that there is a Normandy in Surrey, a Dreden in Staffordshire, a Flushing in Cornwall, a Joppa in Midlothian, a Holland in Lincolnshire, a Melbourne in Derbyshire and a Moscow in Ayrshire.

Moscow . . . Yes, that will be something. I can just imagine old Whatsisname's face when I tell him where I'm going. The only trouble is that from London a return ticket costs about six pounds.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





PLENTY TO SEE

I SUPPOSE it served me right for being so proprietorial about things; Sussex, for instance, and the train that takes me there, and (at the time of writing) spring. But I shall always hate Cradgett.

When I found him on my train, stealing away for a beakerful of the warm South, I felt sorry for him—a pale, stunted townsman from W.2, living in a flat where there's hardly room to throw out his chest, and getting what spring he can from British Railways posters. I determined that he should have a lovely time, not only at his destination but on the way there. He should miss nothing.

"See how quickly we get out into the country," I told him, pointing out of the window as a strip of green went reeling past. It was a bad start, and should have warned me. In my impatience I had begun the conducted tour too soon. The strip of green was only the grassy forecourt of a rather swagger water-works, and the view lapsed at once into a ragged smudge of smoke-blackened factories, unbroken for

several miles except by those residential terraces only seen from trains, notable for the varied transformations undergone by Anderson shelters in six years of peace, and for the presence of men in vests at upper windows.

I was annoyed with myself at the slip, but I was annoyed with Cradgett too. Instead of giving me an understanding smile and recalling that he himself, on a similar occasion, had once pointed out St. Paul's as the Albert Hall to a sight-seeing aunt, he remained looking obediently out of the window, nodding appreciatively. Silly ass. I felt obliged to say something to break the silence, so called his attention with suitable casualness to the splendours of Clapham Junction. He nodded again, just as a signboard saying NEW CROSS GATE flashed by. I had forgotten that we had started from London Bridge, not Victoria, and said hurriedly "Er—New Cross Gate, I should say." Simultaneously we passed over some sort of steel bridge with deafening acoustic properties, and Cradgett leant over to

me and bawled "Pardon?" I roared "New Cross Gate!"—just as we ran off the bridge into a sudden hush. A gross-looking man on my left gave me a look of surprise and cracked his evening paper indignantly; but Cradgett said "No, really?" as if such a thing was beyond his craziest expectations, and gazed out of the window again with great concentration at the announcement HONOR OAK PARK, spelt out in white stones on the embankment by some crack-brained railway servant who might have found better use for his time.

By this time my enthusiasm might have waned, but, luckily, all the journey's real loveliness lay ahead. Signs of human habitation were thinning already, and the country was opening out nicely, all spring greens. I didn't say anything about the spring greens to Cradgett; the phrase wasn't one of my happiest; but I did say "The country's opening out nicely," and gave a proprietorial wave towards both windows. I like, if possible, to indicate spectacle on both sides at once; sometimes an isolated grove or grotto on one side of the track only is obscured at the vital moment by the passing of another train. That didn't happen this time, as it turned out. Instead, just as Cradgett was deciding which window to look out of, we entered a tunnel. To my malicious delight, however, it caught him too. He had prepared the comment, "Lovely," for delivery—and he couldn't clap his brakes on in time. He delivered it as the blackness engulfed us.

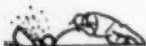
Now it was my turn.

"What?" I said, leaning forward eagerly.

"It doesn't matter," said Cradgett, making cancelling-out motions with his hands.

"Yes, yes," I insisted. "What was it?"

He paused, ingeniously pretending to re-draft the remark, and I saw that he'd got me. Already I could see the daylight growing outside the windows, and by the time he said, triumphantly, "Lovely—all this!" we had burst forth into the sunshine again, speeding between fresh green fields.



"It's nothing," I said, doing my best—"wait until we come to the primroses. The banks are yellow with them just along here."

"Just along where?" he said, looking out keenly at a straggling brickworks which chose to scar the greenery at that very point. I affected not to hear. It was important to get my exact bearings.

I am not, you see, one of those who really know their daily journey like a book. I'm not at all sure of the order of such semi-precious stations as Earlswood or Merstham. I do not, like some of my fellow-travellers, know just when to look up from my paper and note the progress of some mustard field that I've decided to interest myself in. I have no mind for landmarks, except for the Ouse Valley viaduct, whose approach is providentially signalled on the London side by two white wicket-gates and a very vulnerable-looking electrical sub-station. I did once try to establish myself as an observer by remarking "Oh, so we're coming via Redhill to-day!" but it turned out that we never came any other way; I'd just happened to notice it for the first time in three years.

So I decided that the viaduct should be the next treat for Cradgett. I could be sure of that. In the meantime I would just throw him such crumbs as the aeroplanes glinting on Gatwick Airport (obscured at the strategic moment by a procession of high, black, closed-in goods wagons) or a cutting blanketed with violets which I spotted just as we disappeared into Balcombe tunnel. The view from the viaduct would compensate for any previous disappointments. It had that very desirable advantage of stretching away in emerald billows on both sides of the train; it was so lovely that an automatic reflex of the lungs made you take deep breaths even inside an overheated third-class smoker. It couldn't fail. Even with Cradgett. Even with my luck.

Vigilant for the wicket-gates and the sub-station I was concentrating on the left-hand window when the view abruptly disappeared. The gross-looking man had reached

out his short, over-fed fingers and pulled down the blind. Now, I was within an ace of making up some cogent story on the spur of the moment about the sun's rays through a railway blind having been proved, in a recent article in *The Lancet*, to cause boils. I'm capable of that kind of thing, given circumstances sufficiently desperate. But Cradgett foiled me. He nodded gratefully to the gross-looking man, gave him one of those puerile little mock salutes, and said "Thanks—I was just going to do it myself." And they beamed at each other. Fools.

It put me on my mettle. I wasn't going to give up my viaduct, even if I had to navigate by the stars. I switched to the right-hand window, hoping that if I was really alert I should spot the two significant square pillars and have time to gain Cradgett's attention. And

while he was drinking in the glorious sunlit slopes I should quietly be putting my hat and coat on, letting him see how perfectly I timed these preparations for disembarkation at Haywards Heath.

Whip, whip went the pillars at last, and "Look——!" I cried. But Cradgett was up already, struggling with the sliding door into the corridor. "I'd forgotten," he said. "I want to get out of the station by the top exit. I'm going a bit further up the train."

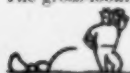
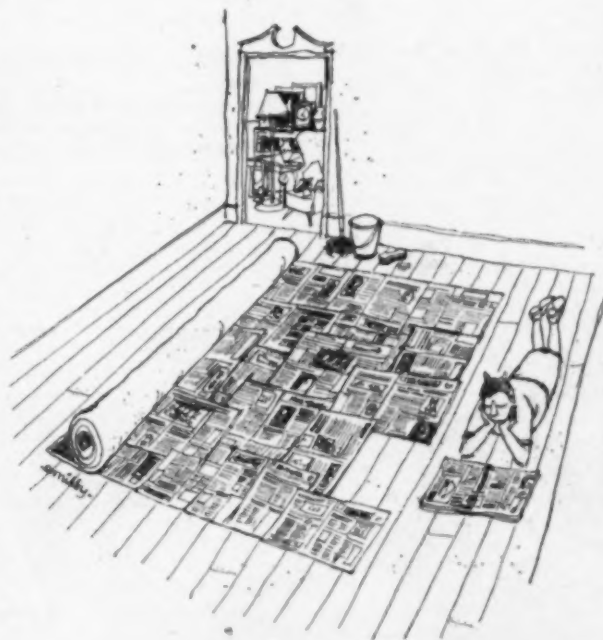
"But——!" I began.

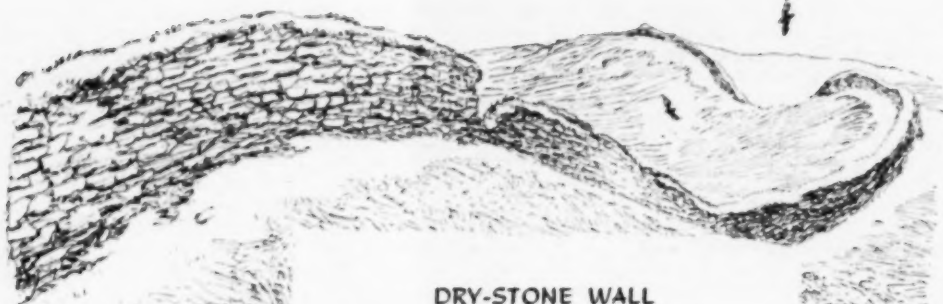
He saluted the gross-looking man. "Fancy forgetting," he explained to him—"and I lived down here for fifteen years!"

I suppose it served me right for being so proprietorial about things; Sussex, for instance, and the train that takes me there, and (at the time of writing) spring.

But I shall always hate Cradgett.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





DRY-STONE WALL

HERE in a desolate land where the long lease of
silence

Is disputed only by a plaintiff curlew's call,
Here where the hill's bones pierce the ragged acres
Runs the unbroken, undulant line of the wall.

Anger once spilled where now these balanced boulders
Justly apportion the bleak fell's meagre bounty—
Scrawling a title-deed in a lean, legal hand
On the rough parchment of a crumpled county.

Feuds die; but the wall is alive. It leaps and runs,
Re-born in the quick movement of the scanning eye,
Here pausing to lay a finger upon an escarpment,
There suddenly, lithely, vaulting into a wet sky.

In the plump south the hedges are bursting into green
spray—

Briar-rose, bramble, hornbeam, hawthorn and sloe:
Here in the north the wall is shedding its glory,
Its fragile frost-leaves and pale-petalled snow.

E. V. MILNER





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 17

It was not until last thing at night—some eight minutes before the whole debate finished—that there was anything even approaching excitement in the discussion on the Budget.

Opposition speakers, from Mr. DOUGLAS JAY downwards, had done their best to arouse a little excitement and even enthusiasm, but even the oft-repeated taunt that the whole thing was designed to take from the poor and give to the rich, in a sort of inverted Robin Hood operation, did not cause more than a ripple of mild "Hear! hears!" Some of the critics tried to put it another way, saying that the Budget would make the rich richer and the poor poorer (a phrase that occurred so very often that some common origin seemed to be indicated), but this, too, failed to arouse passion.

In fact, almost anything was taken, it seemed, for granted, and the reproof occasionally administered by Government supporters to critics who carried their complaints a little too far beyond the facts were delivered in gentle tones appropriate to an infants' school. Mr. HUGH DALTON did his best for his side, booming about "Money-lenders' Charters," "disincentive demagogic devices" and similar things, which normally produce a howl of anger on the one side and a corresponding howl of support on the other. But to-night all was calm and bright—well, bright is perhaps overdoing it a bit, but calm, certainly.

And then that calmest and brightest of Ministers, Mr. BUTLER himself, got up to close the debate. He dealt carefully and courteously with a surprising number of points raised in the course of the three-days' discussion, and then turned to more general topics.

Mr. B. gave a warning that a lot more hard work and a good few more sacrifices were needed before

the country could find itself on the safe high-road to prosperity and free from fear of mass unemployment. He also mentioned that restraint in the fixing of dividends was necessary (an Opposition cheer), and that restraint in wage-claims was also essential (an Opposition groan). All this was calm, quiet and fraternal, as is customary when Mr. B. is speaking.

And then the Atom Bomb burst. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. Mr. B. was saying that, while it was true that he had cut the food subsidies by some £160m., it was also true that Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer in a



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Douglas Jay (Battersea, N.)

Labour Government, had cut them by £100m. or so. This seemed to pass completely unnoticed for a full minute. Then . . . Mr. JAY was up with a roar of "Pointoforder!" When Sir CHARLES MACANDREW, in the Chair, had secured silence for him, and while the hands of the clock crept towards ten, Mr. J. angrily claimed (against a furious background of shouts) that Sir STAFFORD had not cut the subsidies but had merely prevented their reaching a higher figure.

Glaring at the Government benches as a hoot of derisive laughter came from them, Mr. J. complained that this was an entirely different thing from cutting the subsidies by the amount alleged.

Normally good-humoured and temperate, he then allowed himself the unparliamentary comment that Mr. BUTLER was "directly falsifying the facts"—and was told by

the Chair that that could not be allowed to pass. The back-benchers behind him chorused "Tell the truth!" at Mr. B. in a manner which suggested that they were glad to find something they could repeat in unison, and Mr. B. got up again, unruffled as ever, to give chapter and verse.

"April 6, 1949," he said gently. "And, as a result, cheese, margarine, meat and butter went up in price!"

"No! No! No!" yelled the Opposition, forte-fortissimo.

"Yes, yes, yes," screamed the Government benches, as in some fantastic oratorio.

"Look it up in *Hansard*," urged Mr. B., just audible, but smiling.

Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL came suavely to the support of the fuming Opposition Front Bench with the explanation, once more, that £568m. had been the level the subsidies *could* have reached, had Sir STAFFORD not fixed them at £485m. This, he claimed, was a very different thing—and when the roars and counter-roars had died down, Mr. B. said blandly that he was "glad to make that clear"—a comment which left the Press Gallery wondering precisely *what* had been made clear, and how.

Tuesday, March 18

Air COMMODORE VERE HARVEY, in the first minute of the sitting, gained the biggest success of the day, with a

sort of hors d'œuvre in the form of a petition from the people of Congleton protesting against a proposal to turn one of their beauty-spots into a sand quarry. "Since earliest history," said the petition poetically, the area had been used as a playground and retreat for old and young—so the petitioners, as in duty bound, would ever pray . . .

The Air Commodore seemed both gratified and surprised by the roaring cheer he got from both sides of the House as he carried the petition to the Table.





"I'm afraid this isn't much of a holiday for you, dear."

Mr. GEORGE WARD, when he presented the Air Estimates, spoke constantly of "super-priority" in the building of the latest types of aircraft. This word (as attentive readers of these Impressions will know) had been rejected some time ago by another Minister, but it now, presumably, joins the Dictionary of Official Jargon.

Mr. WARD spent a long time in explaining the Estimates, but it was time well spent for those interested in these matters—and who is not, these days? It was his maiden speech as a Minister, and (although a trifle flat in delivery and too closely read) was a notable piece of exposition.

He made it plain that our air defences were in poor shape, and would be "woefully inadequate" but for the fact that we are part of the powerful North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But it was equally clear that things are not to be allowed to remain as they are—and

that is where the super-priority comes in, with Boffins doing their bit.

There were, of course, some criticisms, and a good many suggestions for changes and (it was hoped) improvements in the affairs of the Royal Air Force. But it was, as is usually the case with debates on the Services, a good-tempered affair, inclined to be a bit technical and slangy, but full of helpful proposals and bright ideas.

Mr. BUTLER was asked, at Question-time, what was his estimate of the weekly sum per head that will be paid in 1952-53 in respect of (a) the three Defence Services, and also in respect of (b) housing and (c) education. The reply was (a) 10s. 4d., (b) 6d., (c) 2s.—exclusive of considerable local government expense under (b) and (c). Mr. EMRYS HUGHES, who had asked the question, felt that the figures proved that we now have "a Government of savages."

Wednesday, March 19

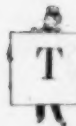
Ships and sealing-wax were about the only things that were not talked of in the Commons to-day, when the Civil Estimates were under examination. The subjects that can be raised under this heading are limitless, and so, it seemed, was the ingenuity of the Members.

Mr. NIGEL BIRCH aroused, towards the end of Questions, one of those sudden tropical storms by saying that Mr. SHINWELL, former Minister of Defence, was an expert in *Offence*. There was a tornado of fury from the Opposition side, and Mr. Speaker asked Mr. BIRCH to tell him what he had said. Scorning an easy let-out offered by a friendly back-bencher who suggested that the word had been "*defence*," Mr. BIRCH admitted his aggression and withdrew it. The storm died down as abruptly as it had arisen.



AT THE PICTURES

Robin Hood
Where the River Bends



THE full title is apparently *The Story of Robin Hood and His Merry Men* (Director: KEN ANNASKIN), which thus firmly places what may be called the Walt Disney *Robin Hood*—Mr. DISNEY “presents” it as he did *Treasure Island*, without being the producer—in a different part of any index from the last one, the Errol Flynn one, which went under A (“The Adventures of . . .”). Looking up that one (November, 1938), I find that what most impressed me was the fatiguing meriment of the Merry Men. In the new film they are very nearly as easily amused, but a more notable feature is the unusually close attention given to one of them, Allan-a-Dale, who—being played by ELTON HAYES—sings to a small guitar. He is usually to be found singing ostensibly impromptu songs with vaguely old-style tunes, one of which I thought bore a striking similarity to Nero’s composition in *Quo Vadis*; but, of course, there has to be at least one



(The Story of Robin Hood and His Merry Men)
Robin Hood—RICHARD TODD

“pop” number, and so at one point he throws off a ditty the air of which is simple enough to be popularly memorized and the words of which, to the best of my hearing, cause the singer to address his love, as “thee” in one line and “you” in the next. Apart from this the picture is the usual good old rousing corn, the sort of thing that delights children by combining several of their favourite ideas: camping out in a secret hiding-place in the woods, belonging to a secret outlaw band, conveying messages by a secret system (whistling arrows), flouting pompous authority, and generally having a fine time—always, by the way, in perfect weather. Uninterrupted sunshine beat down on Sherwood Forest in the summer of 1191, and nothing happened except in the summer anyway. Most of the traditional incidents seem to be there, except the splitting of the arrow; this can’t have been omitted only on the ground that everybody knows beforehand what will happen, because most people except the very youngest children know all the rest of the story as well. All the same it isn’t wearisome: the simple heroics are put over well enough by RICHARD TODD (Robin), the simple girlish charm by JOAN RICE (Marian), the simple sledgehammer humours by JAMES HAYTER (Friar Tuck) and others, the simple villainy by PETER FINCH (that old Sheriff of Nottingham) and HUBERT GREGG (Prince John). And the sunlit woods are always visually pleasing.

What can one say now about a Western, except to remark on the surprising way in which the old

ingredients can still, when skilfully reshuffled, produce something like a new story? *Where the River Bends* (Director: ANTHONY MANN) is in the category of baggage-train Westerns, depending largely on the process of delivery to a new settlement of ranchers in Oregon (about 1880) the supplies without which they won’t get through the winter; but besides being an account of the troubles of the journey, which is certainly difficult enough, the story has a moral. It is concerned to illustrate and half-confirm—only half-confirm, for the sake of the happy ending—a favourite aphorism of the settlement leader’s about the one rotten apple in a barrel. There are two men after his daughter, men he considers essentially rotten apples because they “used to raid along the Missouri border”; inevitably the girl at first falls for the one he is right about, but the other is JAMES STEWART, who naturally proves him wrong in time for the fade-out. A Technicolor piece, with magnificent scenery and all the usual trimmings palatably freshened.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: the Japanese prizewinner *Rashomon*, an extraordinary work which seems to me too far outside our conventions to be appreciated except as a curiosity; but many of the authorities have been profoundly impressed.

Releases include *A Streetcar Named Desire* (12/3/52), a powerfully acted version of the play; *The Card* (12/3/52), quite gay though not Bennett; and *Steel Town* (5/3/52), hokum with interesting background.

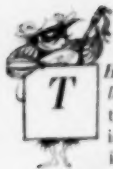
RICHARD MALLETT



(Where the River Bends)
McClintock—JAMES STEWART

AT THE PLAY

The Tragedy of Coriolanus (STRATFORD)
The Constant Couple (WINTER GARDEN)



THE *Tragedy of Coriolanus* acts much better than it reads. Fine as is some of the verse, it is greatly distended with martial bombast of a kind to which recent history has made this generation unresponsive. In the study, immune from all the stage mesmerisms of a good producer, we cannot help but see that *Coriolanus* was an arrogant egotist and a considerable cad, and that *Volumnia*, one of those battlesilly matrons to whom sons were worthless until wounds had turned them into walking colanders, had brought him up with the public morals of a wolf. If Freud means anything, it was all her fault. In the study, too, one's sympathy is with the Roman mob, whose judgment of character proved right; and the last-minute weakening of *Coriolanus*, after he has exhibited all the tantrums of a spoiled child, seems only another rather sickly instance of the sentimentality to which the superman is prone.

Such is the magic of the theatre, however, that it tricks us into seeing him almost from the point of view of fellow-barbarians, and at Stratford Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW's production has opened the season forcefully. His groundwork is excellent—clear speaking, simple and charming sets, by MOTLEY, and

crowd-scenes that surge with life. The acting has its faults, among them a slight monotony in the speech of both Miss MARY ELLIS and Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE, and the feebleness of the *Tribunes*, an unlikely pair to fan rebellion; but as a whole the performance has great force. Mr. QUAYLE, making *Coriolanus* an extremely male animal, gives him the ring of a conqueror and even a certain undeserved nobility. His performance is never uninteresting. Miss ELLIS is too gracious an actress for *Volumnia's* abattoir style of family conversation, but she brings ready persuasion to the big scene when she pleads for Rome. *Menenius* and *Tullus* are vital positions. Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN plays *Menenius* with the mellow sagacity of an elder statesman, with an edge of irony that sits him naturally, and Mr. LAURENCE HARVEY's *Tullus* is first of all a leader. Miss SIOBHAN MCKENNA's *Virgilia* and Mr. RAYMOND WESTWELL's *Cominius* add to an evening which gains notably by Mr. BYAM SHAW's sensitiveness to lighting and grouping. The eye is constantly pleased, but not disturbingly. Most of it new this year, the Stratford team promises well.

Our debt to Mr. ALEC CLUNES and the Arts Theatre was made heavier a few years ago when he

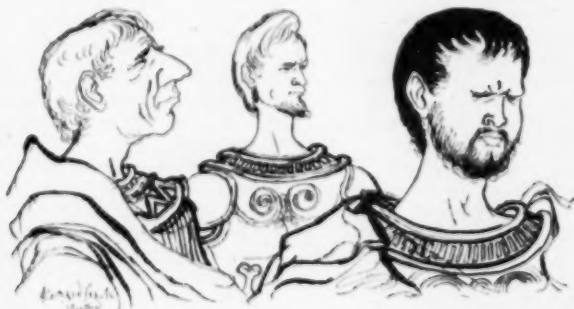


Sir Harry Wildair—MR. ALEC CLUNES

rescued FARQUHAR's *The Constant Couple* from obscurity. Now the play enters the Arts season at the Winter Garden, where the public can sample a further amusing slice of an author whose "The Beaux' Stratagem" it recently found so much to its taste. The huge stage at the Winter Garden is unsympathetic to the intimacy of the play, but in spite of this FARQUHAR wins through, especially in the second half. He could be as frank as Wycherley and Congreve, but somehow more innocent. *Sir Harry Wildair* is a winning rake, and Mr. CLUNES (following, if you can believe it, in the path of Peg Woffington) gets tremendous fun out of him. In close support are rips, dupes, and ladies frail and resolute, all of a like temper.

Recommended

Strongly, *The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess), a triumph for Terence Rattigan and Peggy Ashcroft; *Nightmare Abbey* (Westminster), Peacock's satire cleverly adapted; *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phoenix), an outstanding production of a dateless comedy. ERIC KEOWNS



Menenius Agrippa—MR. MICHAEL HORDERN *Coriolanus*—MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE
Tullus Aufidius—MR. LAURENCE HARVEY

BOOKING OFFICE

Novelist and Painter

Hugh Walpole. Rupert Hart-Davis. *Macmillan*, 25/-.

Chiaroscuro. Augustus John. *Cape*, 30/-.

IF the art of biography is to make us feel we knew its subject personally and intimately, *Hugh Walpole*, by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, is unusually successful. Legend has dwelt too much on Walpole's tantrums, his cherishing of imaginary enmities, his perpetual anxiety to be liked, and on the fluency that poured out novels, almost without revision, faster than his publishers could print them. The figure that emerges from this book is not great, but it is one to be respected. Mr. Hart-Davis attempts no concealment of the weaknesses that left Walpole, to the end of his days, strangely childish, but he does explain them. He gives us Walpole in depth, in all his moods and buoyant enthusiasms. His treatment is sympathetic but at the same time commendably objective and often gently ironical. This is an exceptional biography because it deals so fairly with both the man and the artist, between whom there was little separation; it weaves them into one absorbing pattern, drawing freely on diaries and journals and also on many letters now published for the first time.

Walpole's love for a mother who was coldly reserved in spite of her devotion and his misery at school were enough to produce the inordinate emphasis on affection that drove him annually to list his best friends in a fourth-form battling-order of staunchness (he detested his prep-school with such an undying hate that stretcher-bearing on the Russian front in the first war and even the morgue at Detroit afterwards compared with it favourably). Turned in on himself in childhood, he let his romantic urges overflow into story-telling, and once he had relinquished the idea of taking orders the magic of fiction seized him. By twenty-five, owing much to the patronage of Henry James, he was beginning to be recognized, and within a few years he was an established novelist, knowing all the literary lions, going everywhere, and hugely enjoying a life that increased in restlessness as he crowded more and more into it. His income, which grew steadily, was as steadily sunk in a vast hoard of books and pictures; and also—a point his detractors choose to forget—in endless quiet generosity. The extracts from the journals quoted by Mr. Hart-Davis leave little ground for the notion that he watered his talents to gain popularity. His zest for writing went too deep for that. He knew he was second-rate—his honesty about himself was partly what made him so attractive—but he was determined to be as nearly first-rate as he could. This just and revealing study is also fascinating for its close-up glimpses of the literary world of 1910-40. Of the many exchanges of letters it includes, the most interesting are those with Arnold Bennett, who criticized Walpole's

work mercilessly and yet contrived to earn and keep his fond friendship.

In his diary Walpole wrote of Mr. Augustus John: "I'm sure he has no human heart, but is 'fey,' a real genius from another planet than ours." It is not so much the humanity—though that is at times sharply tinged with unkindness—as the genius that is missing from Mr. John's autobiography, *Chiaroscuro*, a patchy and anecdotal collection of oddments, entirely without chronology. When he takes the trouble Mr. John can write well, as he does in his powerful portrait of his Salvation Army aunts, his disrespectful account of Wilde, and his descriptions of gipsies and the picaresque life. But he has sadly little of interest to tell us about the eminent persons who feature largely in pages that are often like an untidy gossip-column. When so distinguished an artist goes to Venice it is forgivable to hope for some comment more inspiring than a zealous list of, as he calls them, "well-known faces."

ERIC KEOWN

American Diplomacy, 1900-1950. George F. Kennan. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6.

No one else in the State Department in Washington has influenced both the formulation and execution of American foreign policy, and especially American policy towards Russia, to the same degree as the Ambassador designate to the U.S.S.R., Mr. George F. Kennan. His critical survey of *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, by laying bare the causes of our present discontents, brings much nearer the possibility of remedying them.



"Never mind me—got cracking on the reviewers."

He insists that we go back to 1914-1920 to discover the sources of to-day's problems, and pungently observes that, after drawing up the balance-sheets for the two World Wars "in terms of their ostensible objective, you find that if there has been any gain at all it is pretty hard to discern." But Mr. Kennan is not wholly pessimistic about the future (he would surely not go to Moscow if he were), and eloquently pleads for a non-legalistic approach to international affairs and the abandonment of the modern concepts of total war and total victory that can only result in total destruction for mankind.

I. F. D. M.

Edward Lear's Journals. A selection edited by Herbert van Thal. *Barker*, 21/-.

It is the landscape painter, not the creator of immortal nonsense, that emerges from *Edward Lear's Journals*, selected by Mr. Herbert van Thal from several volumes published in their author's lifetime, and never hitherto reprinted. Touches of fantasy they contain, but it was in search of subjects for a sober and faithful pencil that Lear made his journeys through Albania and Calabria and Corsica. The picturesque was what he was after, and the word itself is often on his pen. This preoccupation entailed an exactitude of eye which is reflected in an effective precision of description. His pen no less than his brush can make us see what he himself saw. Nor does his landscape dwarf his figures. He enjoyed people and could be vivid and vivacious in portraiture. A fastidious Victorian gentleman, he countered discomfort with a humorist's philosophy and was never afraid to leave the beaten track. He is very likeable, and these diaries of his were well worth revival.

F. B.



"Well, it's rather like television,
except the screen's larger."

The Escape. Mark Aldanov. *Cape*, 15/-.

What is remarkable about Mr. Mark Aldanov is his assurance; *The Escape* opens with an intriguing murder (prompted, it is hinted darkly, by unmentionable practices) and flows as smoothly through the Russian landscape as the Don. But murder is no more than the dramatic framework in which the portraits of Russian society are set; there is a more serious theme—the start of the revolution and the collapse of Tsarist society. The canvas is enormous: famous lawyers, scientists, the head of the secret police, great banquets, the British Embassy, crowd this portrait of St. Petersburg during its final hours as the great cultural centre in Russia. As is to be expected, there are long dissertations on the Russian "mystique" (the conversations are rather long and soulful), much drinking of vodka, and a great deal of rather accomplished eating; but when the Marxists gain control of the country the change that takes place is startlingly recorded. In this Mr. Aldanov is at his best, for whether he is describing the higher classes or the lower he is scrupulously fair and objective: neither side, in fact, is caricatured, but all are shown to be the victims of their upbringing rather than their designs. *The Escape* is an honest book.

R. K.

SHORTER NOTES

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music. Percy A. Scholes. *Oxford University Press*, 18/-. About the size (not quite so thick) of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*; described by the publishers as a companion to Dr. Scholes' own *Oxford Companion to Music*, but many without shelf-room for that monumental work will find this a useful and amazingly full substitute. Additional features: 3,500 short biographical entries on vocalists, instrumentalists and critics—e.g. Spike Hughes is on the same page as Huebald the ninth-century monk. Music illustrations and explanatory drawings, no portraits.

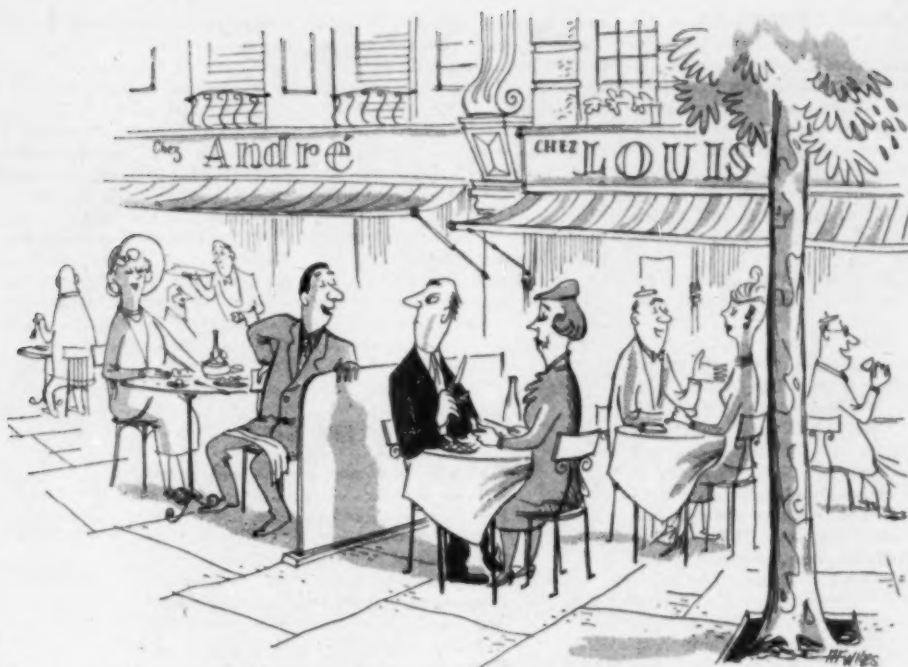
Son of Hylas. George Bakor. *James Barrie*, 12/6. Another delightful back number of the *Iliad*, told in a graceful, non-committal style that cannot jar on the scholarly or intimidate the rest of us. Its most moving quandary is that of Heracles' armour-bearer, Telamon, and Priam's sister Hesione.

The Naked Island. Russell Braddon. *Werner Laurie*, 15/-. Scaring account, pulling no punches for the general reader, of four years in Jap hands, in Fudu, Changi, and on the Thailand railway. In spite of a facetious style it gives an unforgettable impression of suffering and courage hard to imagine—though Ronald Searle's sketches, made in Changi, help one in the attempt.

Little Men, Big World. W. R. Burnett. *Macdonald*, 9/6. Gangsters, gamblers and an anonymous master-mind ("The Mover") in a mid-Western city; the theme of the big countryman turned urban criminal (as in *The Asphalt Jungle*) recurs. No puzzle, plenty of action; well done (by an old hand) in the film manner.

Murder, Maestro, Please. Delano Ames. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6. Dagobert and Jane involved with spies, musicians and Pyrenean cuisine. Plot as neat as usual, but narrative a bit jerky and the humour tends to repeat old successes. Below Ames standard but still well above the general level of whodunits.

The Europeans. Henry James. Introduction by Edward Sackville-West. *Lehmann*, 10/6. **The Bostonians.** Henry James. Introduction by Lionel Trilling. *Lehmann*, 12/6. Two more (making ten in all) of the decorative and pleasing Chiltern Library reprints of the works of Henry James. The cautious beginner could not find them more attractively presented.



"Would you mind passing the mustard?"

HOLIDAY PLANS AT JAX

"WHEN it gets 'Olidy Mondy," said the telephone man, hunched gloomily over his Tea With, "you see my old woman. She always reckons Epping Forest."

"Very, very nice too," said Jack. "You get that fair. See you on the old roundabout, though, eh, Stan?"

"Yer," said the telephone man, wincing at the prospect. "I dunno, though; it seems like—you know, dead common somehow. Bit lively on the old buses too. All that crush."

He shook his head as though to suggest mystification as the correct reaction.

"Funny," said Jack. "Old Else, now. Get her by the sea and she's laughing. What d'you reckon she wants to do, though?"

The telephone man politely declined to reckon.

"First thing is go round all the odd-shops," said Jack lowering his voice. "You'd 'ardly give it credence. Then she goes sorting out cards to send Mrs. Next Door and them people she knows up the old Lord Nelson. Straight up. We get to the beach about dinner time."

"You don't want to worry, though," said the telephone man. "It's the money. Where you goin' to get the old do-de-o-do-ray-me? 'Ere," he added arrestingly, pointing outside with a sandwich, "you remember the Inland Revenue office pre war?"

"Oh yer," said Jack. "Old Crofty. It's still 'im, isn't it, there?"

"Ya," said the telephone man. "Ya. Well. There was old Crofty and a couple of girls. Well, you look now. You get him, two assistants permanent and about

three 'undred typists. Three floors of that block of flats, six extension 'phones, commissionaire at the door and a lift goin' up and down."

He looked concentratedly at the sandwich and took a slow bite. "Then you get a crisis," he concluded indistinctly.

A man had materialized at his side.

"What are you, Arch?" asked Jack, addressing the newcomer. "Beefing or teeing? We was just saying, 'olidays."

"Just a bit of that Swiss, Jack, ta," said Arch. "And if you've got such a thing as a bike pump about you, I'm a bit flat in the back."

"I expect you'll be out on the old open road 'Olidy Mondy, eh, Arch?" asked Jack, ferreting for the pump. "Ealthy," he added, grimacing.

"What chance you got of that?"

asked Arch, freeing the coils of the Swiss roll and breaking off an inch. "Much more likely my old woman'll get me on touchin' up round the 'ouse. When it gets summer 'olides it might be all right, if you 'ad one of them State-aided bicycles. Be just the same way, though. Paintin' up, or she'll reckon the pipes want laggin'. Ah, taralot," he said, taking the pump and making for the door.

Jack and Stan watched the inflationary spiral through the doorway.

"Not got much push, 'as 'e?" remarked Stan. "Mend it safternoon I spose, when 'e gets back workin'. Firm's time. That bike."

"Ere," said Arch, coming in breathlessly. "Mate of mine last year, well, old Cyril. First day of his 'olides his missus goes and gave 'im a book, *Hundred and One Jobs for the Handyman*. 'First job's a dog-kennel, dear,' she says. 'Page thirty-eight.' Course, you know Cyril. Conscientious."

He wagged the pump at them like a brief formalized whip.

"Weeell," he went on, "you know the sort of thing it says: Get a rough idea of the size of the dog, length, breadth, height. Old Cyril measured 'im up dead accurate and done a lovely kennel with roofing felt and them 'oles over the doorway. Only this dog wasn't

really quite full grown. 'E 'ad a couple or more months to go. October it'd worn a strip of 'air off its back goin' in and out, and took to lookin' through the 'oles over the door. That was 'is 'olide."

"What was?" asked Stan.

"This kennel," said Arch.

"Stone the crows," urged Stan.

"Last year we 'ad a basin of Ramsgate. Sharra there'n back Easter Mondy. That was my lot. Give me Epping Forest."

"Else reckons the sea again this August," said Jack gloomily. "I'd say 'oppin' on'y you get the old

woman facin' you across the bin day in, day out."

"I can see that dog now," said Arch, "like an 'earthrug worn off."

"Nice and quiet I'd like it," said Jack. "Sometimes I reckon I'd like one of them one-man sailing larks. Nip off to Bowness Airs and bring you back a stick of rock."

"Ere, just the thing for you, Jack," said Stan. "Nice and lonely. Mountaineering. Lovely you'd look on Ben Nevis."

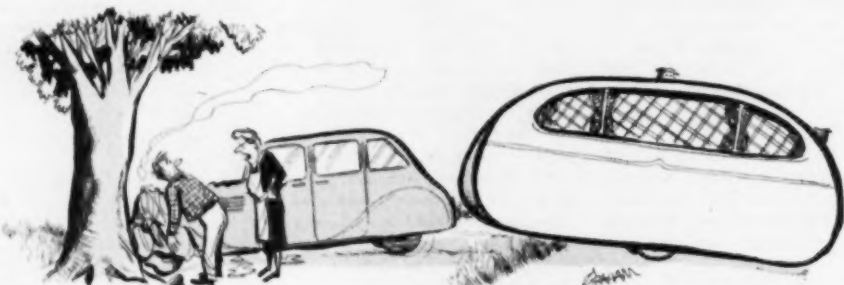
Arch adjusted his trouser-clips.

"Bring us back an Abdominal Snowman," he suggested.

MY GIFT

I SEND you flowers, such as one supposes
Persephone left scattered on the ground:
Fair lilies, white as Innocence, and roses;
Tall daffodils, and jonquils saffron-gowned;
Soft violets of such a blue as vies
With your sweet eyes;
Campanulas that hold the morning dew
And earwigs too,
And lilac, which has earned nostalgic stress
In verse composed by Eliot (T. S.);

But, lest these blossoms reach you bruised and broken,
I send them in the form
Of root and bulb and corn,
Which you, my love, can order
For your herbaceous border
With this seed-merchants' presentation token.



"That's nothing—you should see my kitchen!"

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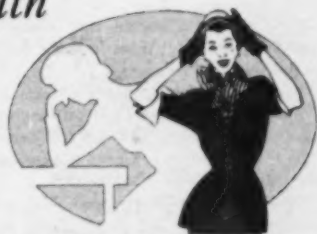


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But the pace and pressure of modern life put a heavy tax on our reserves of physical and nervous energy. No wonder we sometimes feel jaded!

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MILO

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to strengthen the young and comfort the old

And it is made by NESTLÉ'S



By courtesy of the Colony Restaurant, London

"Like a gin, Madam?"
 "Love a CURTIS, Jimmy
 —it's smoother!"

"Here you see a woman with critical tastes, Jimmy," says her partner. "What feminine foibles we men have to put up with."

"Not critical of you, my dear," says she with a smile. "But I can pick a good gin with my eyes closed — and even you must admit Curtis is really smooth."

"Yes, like most men, Curtis matures slowly, but unlike the majority it is always smooth."

"Whatever it is, Curtis suits us. Here's to us."

Jimmy, Head Barman in London's Berkeley Square Colony Restaurant, smiles. He knows that all spirits matured in cask become more aristocratic, more mellow — in fact "smoother".

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Smoother — because it's matured in cask

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Mentone

by George Webb

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Now is launched for Spring 1932 the much awaited "Mentone" Range of high quality and super-style footwear for men. See the shoes in your local shop window—note the value and the variety of designs, leathers and crepes.

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Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins

of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite, making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food and toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a natural remedy for loss of condition.

Here's a simple test every dog owner should answer.

Is your dog sometimes listless, moody and lacking in energy?

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If you answer 'Yes' to any of these questions, it means that your dog is out of condition. Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets regularly.

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THERE WAS ONCE an over-educated Owl who would hold forth on any subject under (and including) the sun. One day at the golf club a Rabbit, who was seldom asked to play, said to him "Come to the bar and have a Light Hart." "Have a what?" said the Owl, hooting with laughter. "A Light Hart Rum," the Rabbit explained. "So smooth you can drink it neat." And as they sipped their Light Hart, the Owl resolved to air his new-found knowledge when the bar was full, while the Rabbit planned to drop a hint or two about the ignorance of certain Owls.

MORAL: Some things are more easily swallowed than others.



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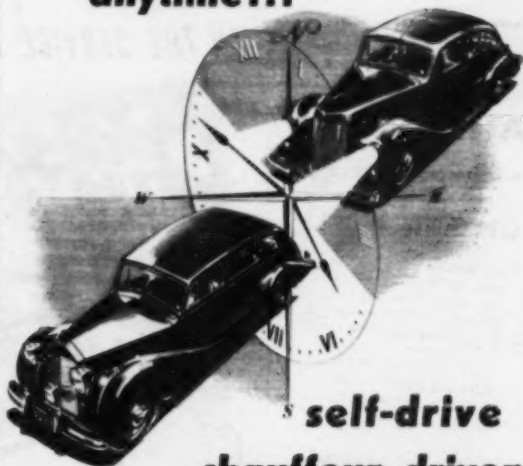
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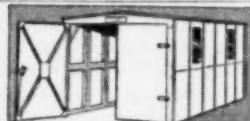
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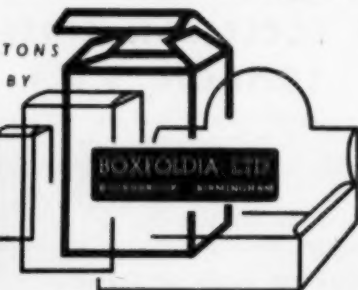
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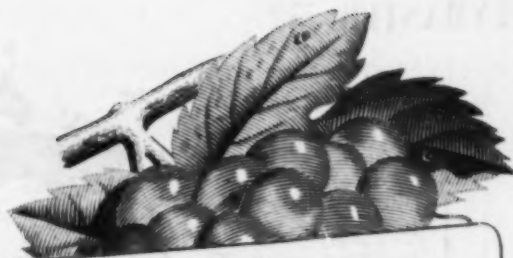
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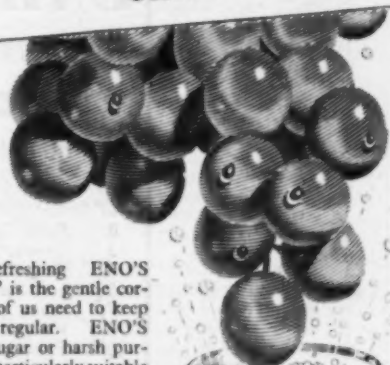
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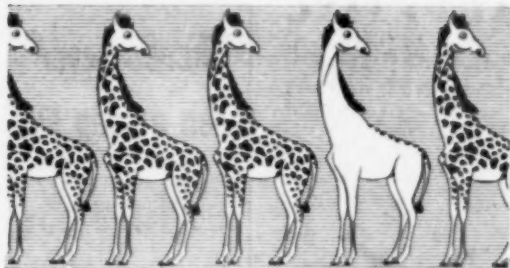
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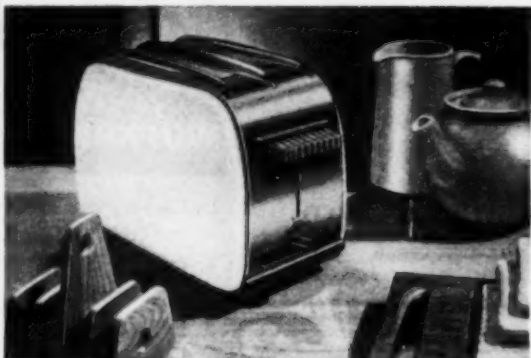
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S	.	6	13	20	27
M	.	7	14	21	28
Tu	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
Th	3	10	17	24	.
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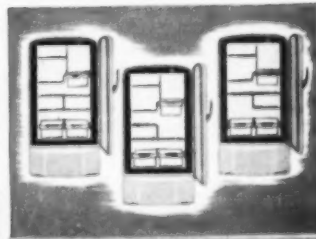
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